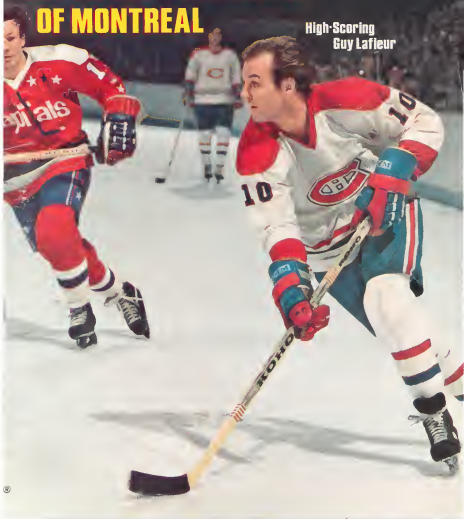


Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 7, 1977 ONE DOLLAR

THE FLYING FRENCHMEN OF MONTREAL

High-Scoring
Guy Lafleur



You can get all these differences when you lease from the Chrysler Leasing System.

Any leasing company can lease you a car, but only the Chrysler Leasing System can lease you a car plus provide all these benefits:

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Lease your next Dodge, Chrysler or Plymouth from a member of the Chrysler Leasing System. You'll find his name listed in the Yellow Pages under "Automobile Renting and Leasing." You'll also find it makes all the difference in the world.



The 1977 Dodge Aspen Special Edition station wagon and the Plymouth Volare Premier 4-door sedan at the entrance to La Quinta Country Club in Palm Springs, California. This will be one of the locations for the 1977 Bob Hope Desert Classic, to be attended by the winning entry from our next Chrysler Leasing Society Contest.

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Minolta

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**Because now Sears Early One™ Fire Detector
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- Similar savings in catalog.



Sears

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Next Week

THE RED HORDE was good for a giggle when described over martini in Manhattan, but when the cubans snappers burst from a submarine fortress off Panama, Clive Gannon found it no laughing matter.

THE LAKERS ARE RISING, with Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, who's into another stupendous season, aided by a cast of castoffs and no-names, and led by the Wiz of Inglewood, Jerry West. Curry Kirkpatrick reports.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



OFFICE UICYCLIST MELISSA LUDTKE

Los Angeles' Fargo Street should be in San Francisco. It has a 33% grade, especially unsuited for bicycling up, which is why Staff Writer Sarah Pileggi went to the foot of Fargo Street last week with 200 members of an L.A. cycling club called the Wheelmen. What took place is recorded starting on page 22 of this issue.

In addition to hill climbs, cycling presents a variety of challenges. Checking the achievements of our own staff, we discovered that Reporter Melissa Ludtke has been riding a unicycle since the age of nine. She has also ridden a standard two-wheel bicycle in Manhattan for three years, without incident, thus meeting what may be the biggest cycling challenge of all: riding a bicycle in New York while retaining possession of the bicycle and of health and sanity. A number of Ludtke's co-workers have been less fortunate.

Staff Photographer Walter loons Jr. has had six 10-speed Peugots, at \$150 per, stolen in seven years, four of them from in front of the Time & Life Build-

ing. Each was locked with a 10-pound chain, whose links were simply cut. He has also had one seat, a back wheel, a front wheel and brakes stolen.

When the bicycle thieves don't get him, the cabdrivers do. Once, trying to make a left turn off Seventh Avenue, loons was blocked by a cab. "I sped up, he sped up. I slowed down, he slowed down," loons says. "Finally I stopped and threatened to wrap my chain around his neck. He screamed, 'You want a bullet in your head?' They breathe carbon monoxide all day, and it makes them crazy."

Reporter Mark Donovan has had only two bikes stolen in 2½ years of city living. He is fatalistic about theft, but does have rules about staying alive. No. 1 being to avoid cabs.

Reporter Mike DelNagro has opted out of the whole thing. On a bright May afternoon he locked his Sears Free Spirit 10-speed outside a hamburger place on Broadway and returned minutes later to find the front wheel destroyed. Bystanders told him a man had tried to break the lock, and, failing, had assaulted the bike with his truck, which he drove onto the sidewalk for the purpose. DelNagro replaced the wheel, but soon afterward the bike was stolen from the hall of his apartment house, along with six others belonging to his neighbors. DelNagro has not purchased a replacement.

Reporter Martha Smilgis has not had a bicycle stolen, perhaps because she never lets hers out of her sight, but she has experienced other problems. A truck driver leaned from his window on Broadway once and asked for her telephone number. She ignored him, whereupon he tried to sandwich her between his truck and a bus. "I got ex-haust in my face," Smilgis says, "but I escaped, by three inches."

All things considered, a ride up Fargo Street sounds like a piece of cake.

Sack Meyer

Published Weekly, 1986-1987

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GET THE YEAR TO REMEMBER IN PICTURES YOU'LL NEVER FORGET!

See the Tall Ships. The fireworks. And all the excitement of America's 200th birthday bash!

Watch the Viking spacecraft land on Mars. See the victory smiles in the Carter suite that night.

Enjoy the look on 7 Americans' faces as they swept the Nobel Prizes. Witness the performance that won the first perfect score in Olympic history.

You'll find it all—and much much more—in 1978: THE YEAR IN PICTURES.



You'll get NASA's computer-corrected full-color shots of Mars...drawings of the daring raid on Entebbe...

Christo's remarkable "art" fence...a reconstruction of the sumptuously catered, multi-million dollar bank robbery on the French Riviera.

Get all the highlights of the Bicentennial Year wrapped up in one extravagantly beautiful Special Report from LIFE. Your family will treasure it for years to come.

**THE YEAR IN PICTURES
AT NEWSSTANDS EVERYWHERE.**





The February Honda: lowest priced car in America†

\$2,779* You won't find a car in the country priced lower than the Honda Civic Sedan. But it isn't the price itself that's so amazing. It's that the Honda Civic Sedan gives you so much for so little.

For example, the Civic gives you great handling, even in wet weather. The chassis layout, with front-wheel drive and transverse-mounted engine up front, provides excellent traction. And the Civic has power-assisted front disc brakes and rack and pinion steering as standard equipment.

Now that you've priced the Honda Civic, we hope you'll find out more about it from your Honda dealer. The Honda Civic isn't just a great buy. It's a great car.

Civic 1227cc (not available in Calif. and high altitude counties)		EPA mileage estimates**	
	price†	highway	city
Sedan 4 Speed	\$2779	43	28
4 Speed	\$3049	43	28
Hatchback	\$3199	29	23
Civic Civic 1600cc			
Sedan 4 Speed	\$2999	30 (45)	28 (33)
6 Speed	\$3299	30 (45)	27 (32)
Hatchback	\$3449	37 (54)	32 (38)
5 Speed	\$3599	34 (50)	41 (54)
4 Speed	\$3549	41 (57)	30 (38)
Hatchback	\$3699	33 (50)	27 (32)
Accord Civic 1600cc			
3 Speed	\$4143	48 (67)	38 (53)
Hatchback	\$4295	31 (52)	34 (50)

FEBRUARY 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15
TUES WED THURS FRI SAT SUN MON TUES WED THURS FRI SAT SUN MON TUES



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*Based on a comparison of manufacturers' suggested 1991 base prices.

†Manufacturers' suggested retail price includes freight, tax, license and optional equipment.

High altitude models \$35 extra.

*EPA ESTIMATES: The actual mileage you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and optional equipment. For high altitude models, see your dealer. California mileage shown in parentheses.

HONDA CIVIC
What the world is coming to

16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
WED	THURS	FRI	SAT	SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT	SUN	MON

True slashes tar in half!

**Down to only
5 mgs. tar per cigarette.**

**Down to only
100 mgs. tar per pack.**



5 MGS. TAR



**And a taste worth changing to.
Think about it.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Regular, 5 mgs. "tar", 0.4 mgs. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report October 1976.

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

MISSING

Five years ago Loyola University of New Orleans decided to withdraw from all intercollegiate sports. Last September the Rev. James C. Carter, S.J., president of the university, asked a special Five-Year Athletic Review Committee to investigate what effect, good or bad, dropping sports has had on Loyola. Obviously, money saved by not spending it on sports is a "good" effect, but the committee, headed by a onetime Loyola basketball player, was looking for more profound influences.

When it submitted its findings in mid-January, the committee said that through separate subcommittees it had looked into six areas: student life, public relations, finances, development (including fund raising), admissions and intramurals. In addition, it had asked those who had served on a 1972 commission, whose findings had led to the decision to drop sports, for their reactions and opinions. A letter asking the same thing was sent to alumni, and a similar request, printed in the college newspaper, was addressed to the Loyola student body.

Only three of the eight people who served on the 1972 commission reacted to the request. From 17,000 letters sent to alumni, there were 14 replies. Of 4,600 students, one responded. The subcommittee reports indicated a general indifference to the question.

In sum, said the committee, dropping sports has had no effect on the university one way or the other.

IN SHARPER FOCUS

Jack Nelson, coach of the U.S. women swimmers at the Montreal Olympics, is still steaming at public reaction to his charges' performance at the Games, where they won only one gold medal to the East German women's 11.

"The American women broke nine U.S. records and three world records," says Nelson, "and everybody in the country acted like it was a disaster. It was a great accomplishment. What it boils

down to is that since 1972, U.S. women swimmers have made fantastic strides—but not as fantastic as the East Germans.

"I was coach of the team that was second best in the world, and yet people came up to me when I got home and said, 'I'm really sorry, Coach.' I'm not sorry. I'm proud of what they did. I'm only disappointed in the reaction of the public."

SOVIET BLOG

World Team Tennis was a revolutionary enough idea when it was thrust upon the venerable game three years ago. Now a newer and stranger wrinkle is in the works. The group that owns the new Pennsylvania franchise (called, for the moment, the Keystone) has negotiated a deal with the Soviet Union that would turn the Keystone into an all-Soviet team. Professor Semyon Belits-German, vice-president of the U.S.S.R. Lawn Tennis Federation, says that Moscow was willing, apparently as long as the price was right. The team will consist of the top six Soviet players and will compete in a regular 44-match WTT schedule.

The Soviets will not use the name Keystone and, in the interest of détente, will not call any one American city home, although Moscow, Idaho has already been suggested. John Korff, the American who will be general manager of the team, is now trying to come up with a name. Belits-German, obviously unfamiliar with the limitations of American headline writers, suggests The Soviet Union World Team Tennis Team. We don't know. An instant name-that-team contest at last week's U.S. Pro Indoor Tournament in Philadelphia turned up the Russian Roulette, the Molotov Cocktails and The Really Big Red Machine. But so far, the front-runner is the Nyets.

MARVELOUS MARY

A plaintive letter from Barney Lahey of Findlay, Ohio, says, "I continue watching those commercials where Marv

Thornbury [sic] says if he does for Lite Beer what he did for baseball their sales might fall. But what did he do for baseball and when?"

Oh, dear. One forgets what a provincial town New York is. Most big advertising agencies are in New York and, not being able to see beyond the Hudson River (sometimes not even knowing exactly where the Hudson River is), the people who create the commercials tend to assume that folks all across the country are fascinated by the same things that fascinate New Yorkers—like the New York Mets. And especially the original Mets, the 1962 team that under the inspired public relations genius of Casey Stengel won the interest and affection of the most sophisticated city in the world (ask any adman) while losing more games than any other modern major league team.

Marv Throneberry (it may sound like Thornbury, the way Marv says it, and that's what Casey always called him, but it's Throneberry) played first base on that team. He played it imaginatively—he tied



for most errors in the league with Dick Stuart (whose fielding was so inconclusive that he was called Dr. Strangelove), even though he had fewer fielding chances than Stuart. Rather than deriding Throneberry, the Met crowd, a masochistic lot, grew to love him. They couldn't help it; he seemed so nice. One day some fans raised a banner that read "Marvelous Marv," and Throneberry was famous. It was as easy as that.

Marv wasn't much of a hitter, either.

CONTINUED

THE ARMY YOUR SON OR DAUGHTER OVER THE NEXT

INTRODUCING A NEW EDUCATIONAL ASSISTANCE PROGRAM.

Starting January 1, 1977, your son or daughter can accumulate up to \$8100 for college or vocational-technical school during just 36 months in the Army.

Under this Educational Assistance Program, they can save from \$50 to \$75 each month, with their savings matched 2 for 1! And that adds up.

FOR EVERY DOLLAR THEY SAVE TOWARD COLLEGE, TWO WILL BE ADDED.

By participating in the new program, a young person gets three dollars back for every dollar saved toward college or vocational-technical school — the dollar saved plus the additional two dollars of matching funds.

If the maximum of \$75 a month is saved (\$2700



CAN HELP SAVE \$8100 FOR COLLEGE THREE YEARS.

over 36 months), \$5400 will be added for a total of \$8100. If the minimum of \$50 a month is saved (\$1800 over 36 months), \$3600 will be added for a total of \$5400.

HOW DO THEY COLLECT?

Assuming your son or daughter has finished the 36-month enlistment in the Army and has deposited, for example, \$75 to the educational fund each month, the \$8100 accumulated under the program will be paid in monthly installments of \$225 for each month of college or vocational-technical school completed.

If they decide not to continue schooling after the Army, they get back all the money saved. The matching funds will be paid only if used toward completing up to four years of college or vocational-technical school. The extra \$5400 matching amount becomes a strong incentive for a young person to continue with school.

THEY CAN ALSO GO TO COLLEGE WHILE IN THE ARMY AND WE PAY UP TO 75% OF THE TUITION.

If your son or daughter enlists in today's Army, all kinds of educational opportunities are open for earning college or vocational-technical credits right on post with the Army paying up to 75% of the tuition. Under Project AHEAD, for example, a young person can enlist in the Army and start a college or vocational-technical school program at the same time. Over 1400 colleges and universities around the country now participate in Project AHEAD. It's a great chance for a young person to get a jump on the future.

YOUR LOCAL ARMY REPRESENTATIVE IS THE PERSON TO TALK TO NEXT.

This new Educational Assistance Program, along with all of the other educational benefits the Army offers, will help your son or daughter

serve their country better as soldiers now, citizens later. There's no better time to start getting that education than now. Your local Army Representative has full details on all the educational and other opportunities for young people in today's Army. Or, if you'd like us to send the information to you, just mail the coupon. Or call 800-431-1976 toll free. In NY, call 800-243-5614.

Army Opportunities USAR 0700711
P.O. Box 1776
Mount Vernon, NY 10550
Please send me more information about
the new Educational Assistance
Program and other opportunities for
young people in today's Army.

Name

Address

City

State Zip

Phone

The telephone number and address of
your local Army Representative is
listed in the Yellow Pages under
"Recruiting."

**Join the people
who've joined the Army.
It's an education, too.**

although he had power. He hit 16 homers in 1962, second best on the Mets. When he broke into the majors in 1958 with the Yankees, who were then in the middle of winning 14 pennants in 16 years, Throneberry was considered a potential star. But like his older brother Faye, a promising rookie with the Red Sox a few years earlier, he couldn't quite cut it. Marv was traded to Kansas City and then to Baltimore before landing with the Mets for his one season of dubious glory. He had only 14 at bats the next year and then slid down to oblivion, where Lite Beer found him.

The odd thing, the paradox, about the television commercial is that while Marv did not do much for baseball as an art, he sure helped it as a business. Met sales went up.

EASTERN SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Gladys Heldman, founder of *World Tennis* magazine and willing dispenser of advice on all tennis matters, deplors, as so many tennis people do, the on-court behavior of Ilie Nastase but thinks she has the answer for it.

"The Japanese," she says, "are the most wonderful sportsmen. No yelling, no complaining. If you defeat a Japanese, he says, 'You are too good.' If he beats you, he says, 'I was lucky. Next time you will win.' I'd like to sentence Nastase to two years in Tokyo."

Well, maybe Ilie won't have to go to Japan. The Men's International Professional Tennis Council has decided to let umpires crack down on misbehavior. The MIPTC, meeting in Paris recently, announced that the new system will be tested in several 1977 tournaments, including the U.S. Open at Forest Hills and the U.S. Clay Court Open in Indianapolis. If the experiment is a success, the system presumably will be extended to all Grand Prix events and, one hopes, to all tennis tournaments.

Here's the way it will work. God and Nastase willing. If a player takes more than a minute to change courts, he will be warned. If he does it again, he suffers automatic loss of the next point. If he does it a third time, he forfeits the game (and subsequent games, if the offense is repeated).

If a player prolongs an argument after a decision or unnecessarily delays play, he'll be warned. If he keeps it up after being warned, he'll be docked a game.

If, after being hit with the game penalty, he fails to renew play within 60 seconds, he defaults the match.

Profane or obscene language or gestures, or throwing a racket, or knocking a ball out of the playing area, get similar treatment: first offense, point; second offense, game; third offense, match.

The new regulations give umpires needed authority—and also put quite a burden on them. Bob Briner of the Association of Tennis Professionals says, "There is no question the system could add stature to the role of the umpire, but it also creates a greater need for well-schooled, well-trained, emotionally stable umpires." Saill, as David Gray, secretary-general of the International Lawn Tennis Federation, says, "This may be a failure, but at least it is an attempt to bring tournament rules up to date."

Sayonara, Nasty. Hello, Ilie

NOT SUCH CRUMMY REASONING

Denny Crum, whose Louisville basketball team had a 15-2 record at the end of last week and was rated 11th in the country, was questioning the validity of such precise rankings a little earlier, when his team wasn't ranked as high.

"We've beaten four teams in over time," Crum said then. "Give one point to each of those four teams, and we'd be 5-6 instead of the 9-2 we are now. If we're 5-6, we're not even ranked in the top 30 or 40. On the other hand, we lost to Syracuse by one point and Purdue by two. So, we're only three points away from being 11-0, and if we're 11-0, we're probably ranked in the top five."

"So, how much difference is there among the top 40 teams in the country? Not very much, the way I figure it."

SYSTEMS ANALYSIS

There is a lot of discussion going on about the role the Federal Government should take in the development of amateur sport in this country. One point of view is forcefully expressed by F. Warren Hellman, a New York investment banker and president of the U.S. Ski Educational Foundation, which is responsible for the financial well-being of the ski teams that represent the U.S. in international competition, including the Olympics.

"Quite frankly," says Hellman, "I start with the assumption that the Communists are right in saying that a nation's sports strength is a direct reflection of

the viability of its political system. I want to see the U.S. do well in international sports to prove the strength of our system. But I think we should do well with a format that fits within the American system. If the free enterprise system works at all, it should work with sports, too. If private industry is supposedly the answer to problems in other sections of our society and economy, why should we have to turn to the government when it comes to amateur sports?"

Hellman's remarks are pertinent because of a remarkable deal he helped bring about. The International Paper Company, owner of a \$1.5 million tract on the lower slopes of Vermont's Stratton Mountain, has given that land (which includes 1,023 acres of Stratton's well-used ski trails) to the U.S. ski team. The Stratton Corporation, which runs the ski resort, used to rent the land from International Paper. Now it will have a 99-year lease with the ski team, which is guaranteed a tax-free annual income. While this amounts to only \$50,000 a year, less than 1/10th of the \$1.4 million the team needs to function, the idea of direct philanthropic support of a sport by a company, without advertising or promotional tie-ins, is what makes the arrangement so interesting.

"In the past," says Hellman, "it was hard for a corporation to separate its contributions to sport from the advertising value involved. This concept—viewing a specific sport as a charity and contributing to it as one might to the United Fund—is relatively new. Possibly it is the answer to financing sports—and possibly it will demonstrate that the U.S. doesn't have to follow the Communist system of government control to develop athletes to prove that our system is the best in the world."

THEY SAY IT

- Ken Brent, Chicago White Sox pitcher: "Things were so bad in Chicago last summer that by the fifth inning we were selling hot dogs to go."
- Johnny Bench, on baseball salaries in these days of free agents: "I used to be in the top five. Now I'm in the top 40. I feel like a record."
- Eddie Arcaro, on what happens to the competitive urge after an athlete moves into the big money: "Once a guy starts wearing silk pajamas, it's hard to get up early."

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WHEN IRISH GUYS ARE MILING

Eamonn Coghlan ran away with the Millrose Games mile while Niall O'Shaughnessy nearly nailed the indoor record in Missouri

by Joe Marshall

Two days before the Millrose Games in New York, meet director Howard Schmertz was leafing through a dummy of his program. On the page dedicated to the Wanamaker Mile six names were neatly typed in. A seventh, that of Filbert Bayi, the world-record holder in the 1,500 meters, was scrawled across the page in longhand. "I wasn't told officially that Bayi was coming until just last week," said Schmertz. "If I had known I was going to have a draw like him, I might have been tempted to save some expenses on the rest of the field."

Sparing no expense, Schmertz had, by his own account, the best field in the 70-year history of the Millrose Games. Undeclared Steve Riddick was getting his severest test of the indoor season in a 60-yard dash that included Donald Quarrie, Houston McTear, Harvey Glance and Ed Preston. World-record holder Dwight Stones was predicting an indoor record in the high jump. In the pole vault Dan Ripley and Earl Bell would be going head to head. And among the names typed in for the mile were Eamonn Coghlan and Paul Cummings, both undefeated this season, as well as Marty Liquori and Wilson Waigwa.

Amidst this glitter how easy it was to overlook little Rosalyn Bryant despite an elaborate hairdo adorned with colored beads. Yet when all was said and done last Friday night it was Bryant who had set the only world record. In her first

coasted

As the gun sounded for the Wanamaker final lap, Coghlan charged in front of travel-weary Filbert Bayi (near), who finished third behind UTEP's Wilson Waigwa. Tobias Sinder Paul Cummings was fifth







Sprinter Steve Riddick gives partial credit for his unbeaten indoor-season streak to bee pollen

indoor 440-yard race ever—at least her first true 440—she ran a 53.5, 3 of a second under the world mark set two weeks earlier by Lornn Forde.

"I didn't know I was on a world-record pace," Bryant admitted afterward. "I just felt relaxed. When you don't feel fast, that's when you really go fast." Then, taking advantage of her moment in the limelight, she attacked the subject of her lack of acclaim. "How come you give women so little publicity?" she asked the press. "I run just as hard as the men." This night she could have said harder.

In the 60-yard dash Bryant ran a 6.8 to finish third behind Freida Davy. "I know I could have won it," Bryant said. "Davy jumped out. I thought the starter was going to call it back so I hesitated."

A senior at Cal State at Los Angeles, Bryant moved up to the quarter mile from the shorter dashes only a year ago, yet already she is the American outdoor record holder in the event with a time of 50.65, which she ran while finishing fifth in the Montreal Olympics. She also anchored the U.S. silver-medal 1,600-meter relay team with a final quarter of 49.7, thus becoming the first American woman to break 50 seconds.

Bryant appeared to have set an indoor

440 world record two weeks ago at the Sunkist Invitational in Los Angeles when she won the race in 52.9. Unfortunately, the "quarter mile" turned out to be only 427 yards long, and when this was discovered her superb performance was all but forgotten.

In like fashion Bryant was all but forgotten last Friday night moments after her world record when Bayi made his appearance at the starting line. Indeed, Bayi had already drawn more attention in his efforts to get to Madison Square Garden than anyone else was likely to receive for their efforts in the meet itself. On the Wednesday before the Millrose Games, Schmetz had been at John F. Kennedy Airport fully expecting to pick up his star attraction, who was scheduled to arrive on Lufthansa flight 400 from Frankfurt, West Germany. Only Bayi wasn't on flight 400. "The worst is we don't know where he is," said Hannes Schloesser, a Lufthansa public-relations official Schmetz' eyes rolled heavenward.

Eventually the news came. East African Airways 624, Bayi's connecting flight from his home in Dar es Salaam to Frankfurt, had never reached Germany. No one knew why. Later, Schloesser came up with the East African flight's

itinerary. "It goes first to Mombasa, Nairobi and Entebbe," he reported.

"Entebbe?" said Schmetz, his eyes rolling heavenward again.

Eventually it was discovered that Bayi's flight had been grounded in Nairobi in a dispute over airline taxes between Tanzania and Kenya. Speculation arose that the earliest he could get to New York was the following week. Yet 24 hours later Bayi arrived at JFK on a flight from Cologne. He had been traveling for 52 hours. "I'm all exhausted," Bayi said, and with the race just 30 hours away he hastened to add, "Tomorrow I will run only because I am invited. If they told me I don't run, I would say, 'Thank you very much.'"

Bayi also confessed that he had been on holiday from September until December and that he had been training for just a month. "I am only in 75% of my shape," he said. But Bayi's opponents spoke of him as the man to beat. "I'll be running from the front, unless Bayi goes out at a good pace," said Cummings the night before the race. "Then I'll follow him."

"Every time I have run against Bayi or Cummings they have taken out the race," said Coghlan, "and if they don't here, somebody else will, but it won't be me. The whole point for me is being smart enough to kick at the right time."

Coghlan graduated from Villanova last spring and moved back to his native Dublin but had returned to the U.S. for part of the indoor season because he couldn't find the same level of competition in Ireland. Traveling hasn't suited him much better than Bayi. "I have had something

A MILE

On the same night Eamonn Coghlan won the Wanamaker Mile, his 21-year-old compatriot, Niall O'Shaughnessy from Adare, was running for a world record in the same event—and almost made it. Competing as a college meet on an unbanked eight-lap Tartan track at Columbia, Mo. O'Shaughnessy turned in the second-fastest indoor mile in history: 3:55.4, just 4 off Tony Waldrop's 3-year-old mark set on San Diego's 11-lap track. "I was after the record," the 5'6", 130-pound senior at the University of Arkansas said after finishing 100 yards ahead of his nearest competitor. "I know if I can get into a race with tougher competition that I can break it." Unfortunately, he is committed to collegiate meets this season. But O'Shaughnessy will be around for quite a few races in the future. Next spring, when he graduates with a de-

bugging my right hip," he said the morning of the meet. "A nerve is numbing the leg. Right now in workouts I can just jog. I forget about it in a race but in training it bothers me a lot."

As Coghlan expected, Cummings and Bayi bolted to the front. Cummings held the lead through the first half mile, which he passed in 1:59.9. After Coghlan overtook Bayi with five laps to go, Bayi suddenly sprinted to the front. With 2½ laps remaining, Cummings once more took the lead, Bayi was a close second and Coghlan third. That's the way it stood just before the gun lap when Coghlan's face suddenly lit up in a savage smile. "I knew Filbert was very tired," he said later, "because when he took the lead he tried to slow it down. When Cummings made his move, he was trying to get away from the field. But I was staying with Paul. I felt well within myself and I knew I had my luck left." Just before the gun sounded for the last lap Coghlan kicked past Cummings and began to put some distance between himself and the field. He held off a fast-finishing Waigwa to win in 4:00.2. Bayi was third and Luguori fourth while Cummings faded to fifth.

"My mouth felt dry, my legs were heavy, my head was heavy," said Bayi, who ran a 4:01.8. "I think being third is disappointing. I wanted to stop but if I did many people would have been disappointed. People came here to see Bayi."

While running from the front proved an unfortunate tactic in the mile, getting in front nearly proved impossible for Steve Riddick, who was left in the blocks in the 60-yard dash. He didn't catch the

field until two-thirds of the race was done, but then he accelerated powerfully, raising a clenched right fist in victory when he was still five yards short of the finish line. Preston, McTear and Glance finished behind him in that order, all one-tenth of a second off the winning time of 6.0. Quarrie was last.

Riddick has been proclaiming himself the world's fastest human in recent weeks, and he admitted afterward that the clenched fist was his way of getting rid of the frustration he has felt at seeing his undefeated record this indoor season belated as a matter of luck or accident. He says there are two reasons for his success. The first is increased work on his start, but because that certainly wasn't a visible factor in the dash final, perhaps more emphasis should be placed on the second, which is bee pollen. The stuff comes in pill form from England. At the Millrose Games Riddick even wore a T-shirt proclaiming "Bee Power—Bee Pollen from England." Lest this convince you that Riddick is a health nut, he advised that he admits having trouble running his favorite race, the 200 meters, because he smokes and he can feel the effects of that habit in the stretch.

Dwight Stones failed to measure up to his promise of a world record, but he and Tom Woods did establish a new Millrose mark of 7' 4½". Stones won by virtue of reaching that height with fewer tries, but he wasn't pleased with his performance. "It's the first time I've ever had trouble with my approach in the Garden," he said, "but if I can line drive 7' 4½", well, watch out."

For various reasons which he outlined over lunch the day of the meet, Stones had thought he couldn't possibly fail in the Millrose high jump. He had had an almost perfect week of training which had included weight lifting in Toronto, swimming in Philadelphia "to help stimulate both cerebral hemispheres in my brain," and a visit to his physiologist in Atlanta. "Most men have 18% body fat," he said. "Four days before my first 7' 3" jump [last June] I had 6.2%. Now I've got that down to 5.7%."

A water-eyed Stones' meal: "I got 510 on you," he said. "Don't eat too much."

Woods, on the other hand, was ecstatic with his leap. Earlier in the week he had posed with some of his Pacific Coast Club teammates for a publicity picture. Pole Vaulter Dan Ripley and High Jumper Roy Kotinek had held a loaf of



Rosalyn Bryant soared to her world-record 4-0

French bread about three feet off the ground for Woods to jump over in front of the cameras. "If he makes it," said Ripley, "it will be his best jump of the year." In fact, Woods had not been able to go higher than seven feet this season.

The pole vault also produced a meet record as Earl Bell made his final attempt at 18' ½". For the indoor season's first 18' vault, he had switched to a stiffer and longer pole than he had been using. "I realized I was overpowering the pole," he said, "so I got this one out to give me more vertical push."

Bell missed all three tries at a world record height of 18' 4" and was finishing up just as Stones was failing in his last try at 7' 5½". By the time the two of them had packed up, the Garden was dark. "Hey, wait a second," said Stones. "Which one of us won the Outstanding Performer award?" Bell shrugged and they politely argued the merits of each other's case. Then they were informed that neither of them had won it, that the award had gone to a woman, the one who had set the world record.

Ah, yes, Rosalyn Bryant.

END

SURPRISE

gree in engineering, he'll be looking for a job in the U.S. "I want to compete here until the Moscow Olympics," he says.

O'Shaughnessy came to the U.S. in 1973 after John McDonnell, the Irish coach at Arkansas, recruited him at the high school nationals in Dublin. Last year, he had two sub-four-minute outdoor miles in May, has had a 3:57, but he finished ninth behind the winner, Coghlan, in the 1,500 at the AAU championships in June. Running for Ireland in the Olympics, O'Shaughnessy did not make the semifinals in either the 800 or 1,500 meters. His seventh place in the NCAA cross-country championships last fall, however, was an indication that there was a good indoor season ahead of him, and it has been. The week before his near-miss mile, he ran a 2:05.5 for 1,000 yards (4 off the world record).



The 6' 7" King, whose brother Bernard stars for Tennessee, averages 30 points, 20 rebounds a game

EVERYBODY IS COURTING THE KING

Brooklyn high school star Albert King is the college recruiters' most wanted man
by Kurt Hannon

Kentucky sometimes calls four times before lunch. UCLA is panting. Maryland sent a Muhammad Ali autograph as bait. In fact, just about every college basketball team from Hawaii to Slippery Rock hopes it will land Albert King, a high school star from the streets of Brooklyn who has become the object of the biggest basketball manhunt in years.

"We're interested in three kinds of players—good, great and super," says Kentucky Assistant Coach Leonard Hamilton. "Better than super is where I would classify Albert King. He can deliver the goods."

Those "goods" Hamilton was referring to are the 1978 NCAA finals in St. Louis, which almost any team fielding the talented King could reach. Nevada-Las Vegas Coach Jerry Tarkanian says, "If Albert King decides to go to North Dakota State next year, then North Dakota State will be in the Top 20 next year."

King has been on the Most Wanted list ever since his debut as a sophomore at Fort Hamilton High School in Brooklyn when he scored 36 points and grabbed 23 rebounds. His credentials took on added luster when his older brother Bernard started making headlines as a freshman at the University of Tennessee that same year and ended up leading the nation in shooting percentage. Three seasons of competition in the rugged New York City Public School Athletic League, two MVP awards won with the National Junior AAU team, plus summer tournament experience from Phoenix to Spain, have polished Albert's skills. Now a 6' 6½" forward and preparing for the PSAL playoffs, he recently celebrated his 17th birthday by hitting 22 of 28 shots and adding 23 rebounds, a dozen assists and five blocked

shots as Fort Hamilton knocked off Canarsie High, last year's champion.

King has wound up his high school career with some prodigious statistics—30 points and 20 rebounds per game. But there are a lot of hotshots around the country with big numbers. It is the way he plays that has recruiters buzzing. His style is simple and economical, yet it is developed to such a degree that he can do almost anything he wants. He can beat you by shooting the lights out, has no qualms about dishing off the ball to the open man and is not shy about fighting for rebounds despite his bony 185-pound frame.

Moreover, Albert has shown a remarkable ability to handle the recruiters' off-court press. He did not come by this knack entirely on his own. Albert has only one close friend, but he could not have chosen a better one. Winston Karm is a 25-year-old native of Trinidad who works as a shipping clerk by day, then turns into a doctor of diplomacy by night. That's the time when one of Lefty Driesell's assistants calls Winston's East Flatbush apartment, wondering if he has seen the child star lately and wanting to know whether Albert has picked a date to visit the Maryland campus.

Coaches have long since given up trying to reach Albert at his home in a run-down section of Brooklyn known as Fort Greene. He doesn't want his parents' lives disrupted at all hours of the day and night. So Albert hangs out at Winston's most of the time, even crashing on the couch after a late date. His uniforms hang from the top of the kitchen doorway, his trophies and press clippings take up an entire living room wall and most of his mail is delivered to him there, in care of Winston. For his part as Albert's confidant and counselor, Winston admits to being something of a voyeur ("Sure, I'm a basketball fan and I never would have gotten to meet some of these people any other way," he says). But Winston has known Albert since he was a lonely, 6' 3" 12-year-old, still too young and mixed up to assure Winston that if he offered the boy a helping hand he would be hitching himself to a star.

Some nights the phone never stops ringing—not even by 2 a.m., as though Winston were sponsoring a telethon and Albert were the nation's favorite charity. One evening last week there were calls from Duke, Maryland, Tulane, Ken-

tucky, UCLA, San Francisco and either Washington or Washington State. Winston can't remember the last one because it was so late by the time he heard from that time zone. Usually the guy on the other end doesn't even want anything, he's just checking in.

"Oh, Winston, I'm sorry, I didn't know what time it was. Did I wake you?"

"Now, I'd just been lying down for a few hours."

"Hey, what's Al doing?"

"Oh, you know, going to school, playing ball. He got 41 the other day."

"I know. Remember I was there."

Not all the calls have been so innocent. Apparently because they realize that Albert cannot be bought, a few coaches have gone to work on Winston.

"... Winston, how much money do you make a year?" asked a recruiter from a school south of the Mason-Dixon Line that should know better. "Well, how would you like a \$25,000 job down here with a new car and a nice house ...?"

"... frankly we're pawning," said a representative from a team in this week's Top 20. "We'll do anything to get Albert ... Let's put it this way, the sky's the limit ..."

"... I'll tell you one thing, Winston," said a man from a warm climate on one of New York's recent arctic days. "You're gonna love living out here too ..."

As far as legitimate offers go, Slippery Rock wins the Grasping-at-Straws Award. Slippery Rock tried to turn Albert into a recruiter by asking him to send them the names of some good players he had seen in the East.

"I wouldn't want to be a recruiter," Albert was saying last week between bites of his favorite food, a plain McDonald's quarter-pounder. "You know, having to go around begging kids to go to your school and knowing your job depends on it. I haven't gotten to the place where I can spot one a mile away. But when I see a strange man walk into a gym as hot as ours wearing a three-piece suit, I know something is up."

"What's funny, though, is some of these guys travel hundreds of miles to see me play and then after the game they act like they're afraid to talk to me. I'm only 17. They're adults. But they usually just say something like 'nice game' and that's it. If that's all they want to say, I don't understand why they come."

Mainly, because they're afraid not to,

Albert—afraid somebody else will get the drop on them. So, for the benefit of those recruiters who still feel they have reason to hope, here is some inside dope:

- Eastern teams need not apply. King has said he wants to get away from New York City, and he feels the same way about places like Syracuse, Philadelphia and Boston.

- If you're starting to doubt that Winston will act according to your wishes, Albert's parents are not your ace in the hole. Unlike many athletes his age, Albert is under no pressure from them to stay close to home so they can keep tabs on his career. Neither Thomas nor Thelma King had ever seen their son play before last year. When Albert went to the foul line to shoot a free throw during a recent game, Mr. King turned to Winston and said, "Why isn't anybody guarding him?"
- Albert is no dummy from Ghettoiland. Report cards were passed out this week and he received an A in accounting and a B in earth science. No outlaw schools or jucoes for this kid.

- Tennessee is not in the running. Albert is not happy about the difficulties Bernard has gotten into in Knoxville and is also worried that he will always be compared to his brother if he enrolls at any other SEC school.
- Albert has five official campus visits left according to NCAA regulations, having already been to Kansas State. He is sure that two of those visits will be to UCLA and Maryland. Arizona State may be a third.

- The NBA is not going to get Albert, at least not now. He received a strong pitch from the Buffalo Braves last year and has heard some unofficial overtures from the Los Angeles Lakers, but he is not seriously considering turning pro.
- UCLA Assistant Lee Hunt is the only coach in America Albert has allowed to meet his mother. Asked about the experience and about King's upcoming visit to California, Hunt replied, "This is a crucial kid for us. We'd really like to have Albert King. So please be careful what you say about us. Don't distort anything I've said. Please."

- UCLA has successfully recruited scores of fabled high school players, including Lew Alcindor and Bill Walton, so if UCLA is saying "please," then you know how badly it wants Albert King. Which is to say, just as much as everyone else.

END

A LITTLE BIT BETTER THAN LAGOS

Dick Stockton, the legendary champion of the Lagos Tennis Classic (concluded in Caracas, if you recall), last Sunday upset Jimmy Connors in five sets in Philadelphia to win the U.S. Indoor Championship and instant celebrity by Curry Kirkpatrick

When there was still a tennis tournament to speak of, way back in the second round, it was obvious that the U.S. Pro Indoor was not one of those Grand Heavyweight World Challenge Dynamite Classic Cups played for the television cameras. No, this was a real flesh-and-blood tournament, the kind that people like Bjorn Borg, Ilie Nastase and Manuel Orantes apparently have forgotten how to win, and the sort that Jimmy Connors usually wraps up.

But last Sunday in Philadelphia, a city often rumored to be closed and which, because of the frigid weather and the natural-gas shortage, nearly was, Connors got a case of amnesia, too. After Pennsylvania Governor Milton Shapp had shut down schools, theaters and other public facilities, a marvelous competitor named Dick Stockton shut down Connors, coming from a set behind, not once but twice, to defeat the defending champion 3-6, 6-4, 3-6, 6-1, 6-2.

Dick Stockton? Isn't he the PGA champion who wears the funny Amann hat and curls in 40-foot putts? Or is he the guy with the voice and the vested suit who hung out in Minneapolis doing Super Bowl color for NBC?

Actually, this is Richard LaCade Stockton, a 25-year-old serve-and-volley power player out of the tennis citadel of Garden City, N.Y., who left behind some heroic records in the junior ranks before he went on to stardom at Trinity (Texas) University and obscurity on the pro circuit. In fact, his biggest win was the Lagos (Nigeria) Classic in 1976, which was interrupted by a military coup and had to be played off in Caracas, Venezuela. Now we're talking obscurity.

Stockton was much more prominent in the fourth and fifth sets on Sunday, when he could do nothing wrong in his service games and Connors could do nothing right—not even throw in his usually trusty scare tactics.

The last man to beat Connors in a five-set match was Nastase in 1973, and from

the way Connors had blazed through the earlier rounds, it didn't seem anybody would nail Jimbo that way for another four years.

Up until Sunday Connors' most strenuous activity was producing funny lines after his annihilations and accepting accolades normally reserved for hall-of-famers. Indeed, his greatest concern seemed to be the weather.

"I read where they closed the schools," Connors said. "Does the Spectrum have a different kind of heat?"

"They don't sell tickets to schools," somebody answered.

Connors sold plenty of tickets—the advance receipts for the seven-day tournament were announced as "stipendous"—with his own brand of white heat, which embarrassed such notable opponents as Tony Roche, Wojtek Fibak and Cliff Drysdale.

Following the early departure of Borg, Nastase et al., Roche was given the best chance to upset Connors, but though the veteran left-hander put up stiff resistance, he lost his fourth-round match to the defending champion 6-2, 6-2 and afterward admitted he "had no say" in the contest. Roche let it be known that he now rated Connors on a par with Rod Laver at his peak and that the American had only to play and win the European clay championships—Rome and Paris—to become "the best in history." This would not have been a shocking revelation except that it came from one of the great former Australian champions, a breed ever loath to pay Connors his due.

The damage that the new series of instant-hype, four-man quickie exhibition matches can wreak on established tournaments like Philadelphia, which boasts the strongest indoor field every year, was never more evident than on Wednesday. In the space of 90 minutes Borg, Nastase and Orantes (seeds two, three and four) were eliminated.

The surprised losers had arrived on the robin's-egg blue Supreme Court surface

fresh from the soft Florida clay of the previous Sunday's Grand Slam. As had Adriano Panatta. As had Connors. While Nastase faked some TV announcing in Florida, the others competed for a first prize of \$100,000, which must have made Phil's purse of 40 grand seem like just another Vuitton suitcase.

Connors would be favored under any conditions including, as Sandy Mayer said, "mud in the dark," but the other players simply could not adapt. Or could not motivate themselves. Or would not do either. In the second round Nastase performed his increasingly tiresome "I am a clown" routine before losing to the latest phenom, Bill Scanlon, 2-6, 6-1, 6-4; Orantes was defeated by doubles specialist Fred McNeil 2-6, 7-6, 6-4, and Borg aimlessly gave away the last few games while being disposed of by Ray Moore 7-6, 6-4.

And by sundown the next day seeded players five, six and seven were also gone, those being Panatta, Harold Solomon and Eddie Dibbs. Two other possible drawing cards, Arthur Ashe and Stan Smith, never showed up, both claiming injuries. Yet Smith was seen the week before at the—you guessed it—Grand Slam hitting away in teaching clinics.

This puzzling business contrived to bring about the following exchange, which included the first nastiness ever recorded by the former teen angel, Borg.

John Barrett of the *Financial Times* of London: "Bjorn, in light of your defeat here, was it worth it to play that exhibition last week?"

Borg: "What exhibition? If you call that exhibition, then I don't answer you."

Barrett had a point, but so did Borg. Aside from his Wimbledon championship, Borg considered his victory over Connors the most important of his career. To label it an exhibition was to belittle the fruits of a magnificent struggle.

Connors, in effect, agreed. "An exhibition is fun, smiles," he said. "I fought my guts out against Bjorn. When we play,



Stockton, who had dropped six straight matches to Connors, won in the Spectrum by serving one-bouncers into the seats and volleying into the corners.

it's never an exhibition. It's death."

After most of Philadelphia's seeds had been eliminated, who should emerge into one semifinal but the enigmatic Jeff Borowiak, who followed his victories over Tom Okker, Vitas Gerulaitis, Solomon and Vijay Amaritaj by greeting the press in various hooded garb and by staring at the wall for minutes on end.

Borowiak, who has been known to play the flute and quote from flower children, did not disappoint anybody who enjoys smoking his racket strings now and then. He attributed his fine run to "zoning in" on tennis. He said he got his last haircut in "1472, April, but what does it matter?" He said he didn't know "when meditation begins or ends." He was asked whom he would prefer to meet in the final and he answered "Nancy Richy."

Stockton deozoned Borowiak 6-3, 6-4, 7-6, after which Stockton rifled a ball into the stands toward his wife and speculated on his final with Connors. "I

haven't beaten Jimmy since before the war," he said.

Whichever war Stockton meant, he seemed to be waging a battle against anonymity for several days. It took the muscular blond four match points to escape a second-round tie break with John Alexander, but then he blitzed his way through Brian Gottfried, Ken Rosewall and Borowiak without the loss of a set. Nevertheless, his victories were accompanied by thunderous yawning. "I don't see my name in the papers much," Stockton said. "Maybe nobody knows me."

Was Connors taking him too lightly or was he dreaming of his own imminent immortality, courtesy of Tony Roche? Whatever, after taking a 2-1 lead in sets, Jimbo fell behind 3-1 in the fourth, looking bored with it all. Suddenly he came to 0-40 against Stockton's serve with three chances to break back, tie the match and then, of course, run it out. Inexplicably, he blew the next three

points—one with a terrible lob only you and I hit on bad days—and lost the game.

That was enough for Stockton. If Connors didn't want it, he would take it. Instantly Stockton resumed serving one-bouncers into the seats, volleying to the corners and actually dominating the indomitable James Scott Connors.

After Stockton won the fourth set, he broke Connors in the first and third games of the fifth as the errors came in bunches for Jimbo. Soon the shocking outcome was inevitable, and Stockton—whose angular features and blank stare have earned him the underground nickname of "Equus"—was obliged to announce the obvious.

"I'm not used to this position," he said, accepting the tournament trophy. "But I've never played better for five days in my life."

One day was all Dick Stockton needed to demonstrate that in tennis the horse can sometimes ride the man. **END**

THIS SPORT IS NOT ON THE LEVEL

When a Los Angeles bicycling club launched an assault on a concrete Everest, it proved uphill all the way

by Sarah Pileggi

No matter how you look at it, Fargo Street is some kind of hill. From its base on Alessandro Street it rises 150 yards, a ribbon of concrete so steep that in the morning light its crest throws a shadow back on itself. There are no terraces or plateaus, no relief from its inexorable grade.

At its top, where Fargo ends at Alvarado, there is a place to pause, to catch one's breath and, if it is a clear day, pay homage to Los Angeles' western skyline. In the near distance is the Griffith Park Observatory, where rebels James Dean, Natalie Wood and Sal Mineo tried to find a cause, and beyond that are the white wooden letters, 30 feet high, that spell HOLLYWOOD across and hillsides. (Once upon a time they spelled HOLLYWOODLAND, the name of a subdivision. In fact, for a few years in the mid-'40s, they spelled OLLYWOODLAND because the H had slid down the mountain and no

one cared enough to drag it back up.)

Fargo Street, with its 33% grade that increases a cruel degree or two just short of the summit, is to California's bicycle hill-climbing elite what Everest is to a mountaineer, what Boston is to a distance runner, what the Atlantic is to a single-hander—an irresistible test. A cyclist's only reward for strapping his feet into the pedals of an absurdly expensive bicycle and tearing up his insides for a minute and a half trying to conquer this hill on a run-down block in a shabby old Los Angeles neighborhood is the knowledge that somewhere a handful of people will know and appreciate what he did. If he succeeds, he will probably not even hear the cheers, because he will be throwing up behind a parked car. If he

Balance and gear ratios are the crucial factors on Fargo's 33% grade. Some cyclists head straight up the 150-yard hill, others tack



falls and there is no one alongside to catch him, he is apt to slide, helpless, bare-skinned on concrete, because his feet are locked in place.

On a sunny Sunday morning two weeks ago spectators started arriving an hour before the fourth annual Fargo Street Hill Climb was scheduled to begin. Whole families plodded slowly upward from Alessandro Street, looking for good seats on the curb. There are no steps cut into the sidewalks of Fargo Street as there are on some of San Francisco's steeper hills, so pedestrians were forced to improvise. First they walked facing forward, then backward, and finally they tried sidestepping. Parents clutched children and children clutched skateboards, each for fear the other might start rolling and never stop. A volunteer with a kitchen broom swept away menacing pockets of gravel. A group of teen-agers who had driven up from Orange County "to see how the L.A. hills compare," unloaded their bikes, laughed nervously and snuck sidelong glances at the hill. A blond 10-year-old named Bob Hale, who planned to mount his assault on a borrowed ladies' Schwinn with a 19-inch gear, killed time by running up and down the hill.

Meanwhile, 10 miles to the southwest, at the corner of La Cienega and Olympic, on a grassy plot next to a branch of the Beverly Hills Water Department, the Los Angeles Wheelmen, 200 of them, gathered for the start of their weekly Sunday ride. Today this was to include a stop at Fargo Street for the hill climb, followed by lunch at Olvera Street near the center of the old Mexican pueblo around which Los Angeles grew.

"We used to stop by Fargo Street now and then," says Hal Munn, a traffic engineer who has been riding with the Wheelmen for 17 years. "A few would try, but for years nobody could make it. Then, about 10 years ago, a couple of guys did, and the word got out and people began to get interested."

The hill climb has been a regular event on the Wheelmen's crowded calendar for four years, ever since a group of the club's hill specialists paused at the top of Fargo Street in the course of a 75-mile ride called the Hilly-Dilly and fell into debate over whether or not a tandem could



Bob threw a 35-year-old electronics assembler made four successful ascents of Fargo Street.

make it up. The tandem team present at the time, Darryl and Carol LeVesque, owners of Bud's Bike Shop, said yes. Everyone else said no. Odds as high as 50 to 1 were offered, a date was set and Fargo Street is an institution was born.

The Great Tandem Assault of 1974 was successful, as the LeVesques had said it would be. Darryl, who is 30 and a former marathon runner, is also the owner of a three-seated bicycle called a tripet, with a two-wheeled cart called a Bugger attached, that has transported the four LeVesques thousands of miles and which carried them to the gathering of the Wheelmen on Fargo Sunday.

At 9 a.m. the L.A. Wheelmen—and women and children—were on their way to Fargo Street, single file. At the hill, the crowd had swollen to perhaps 200. Announcers from local television stations were interviewing neighborhood urchins, and unaffiliated hill riders were milling about near the start, awaiting the arrival of the Wheelmen.

A Southern California sporting event is not legitimate unless it has a true celebrity in its audience—Doris Day court-side, Telly Savalas trackside, Jack Lem-

mon greenside. In the case of Fargo Street it was Marv Fleming hillside. Fleming, a veteran of five Super Bowls, recently retired, was identifiable as a bicycle enthusiast by his black knit cycling shorts and as somebody by his cowboy hat and the diamond in his left earlobe. He rides his bike 35 miles a day, starting from his home in Marina del Rey, and though he would obviously have liked to try the hill, he knows that former tight ends are just too heavy.

The obstacles in hill climbing, other than the mental ones, are problems of ratios—strength to weight, gearing to lung capacity. A moderately strong cyclist should be able to complete the Fargo

continued



Down is out, with the feet clamped to the pedals.

Street Hill, say the experts, as long as his gear ratio is low enough. A low gear ratio, however, means that the climb takes longer and that the rider's legs will have to pump many more times to turn his wheels.

"The gear ratio can be made so low that one turn of the wheel requires two turns of the crank, but you'd need slow motion to see the feet go around," says Mike Leone. An engineer with a helicopter company and a purist in matters pertaining to hills, Leone has completed the climb twice, lowering the center of gravity of his 180 pounds by replacing the front wheel of his \$1,200 Teledyne Titan with a smaller wheel from his son's Ikon Avvo. Whereas Mike attacks the hill head on all the way, 10-year-old Chris starts out straight and then switches to a traverse, weaving from curb to curb as his momentum slows, Mike says. "I have to go straight up because I don't have the balance to tack. Chris tacks. He is one of only three people I've seen who can do it. If I make an error and the wheel points downhill for one second, I'm done for. I can't recover."

Leone immigrated to Southern California from Vineland, N.J. in 1968 and has not yet adjusted to the wonder of his good fortune. "I couldn't believe the hills," he says. "I became obsessed with them. I love hills."

He also loves being in shape. He says it is a form of cowardice, a fear of the pain of riding a hill when he is not in shape. He did that once and says of the experience, "I thought I was going to swallow my tongue." Leone stores five complete changes of street clothes in his office each Monday and rides 40 miles back and forth between his home in Torrance and Hughes Helicopters in Culver City. At lunchtime he lifts weights at a local health club. "Tell the people," he says, with the fervor of a missionary pointing out the One True Way, "that where there's a will there's a way. It takes a little bit of thinking, but it can be done."

When the Los Angeles Wheelmen reached the foot of the hill on Fargo Sunday, five Leones in matched shirts were with them, as usual. Mike, Chris and 12-year-old Virginia lined up with some 70 others to try the hill.

In the oral history of the Wheelmen the Leones are prominent. Mike is one of the two heaviest men ever to make the ascent and Chris last year was the youngest. If Virginia had made it this year

(she did not, though she came close) she would have been the first female.

First in line to test his lungs, legs and gear ratio was Ron Kriss, 19, one of a group from Fountain Valley, a town south of Los Angeles in Orange County, heretofore known primarily for having produced Shirley Babashoff. Kriss practices on the hills that rise out of the Pacific at Laguna Beach, and he had made a trial run on Fargo Street the previous Sunday.

"Before that I had never totally extended myself for one minute in my life," he said. "I've ridden 180-mile days and felt about the same." Kriss set off in a straight line. As the grade increased, his pace slowed, and occasionally his rear wheel would shudder as it lost and recovered its grip on the pavement. Only in the final 10 feet did Kriss begin to tack. His front wheel had run over a spectator's toe, and for an instant the bike came to a complete stop. Kriss managed to retain his balance long enough to force another rotation of the pedals, and as he cleared the crest he disappeared into a forest of waving arms.

It was an exhilarating beginning for a day on which the old hill took a bit of a beating. Seventy-three cyclists made 90 attempts, of which 21 were successful. Dennis Barrett, a 28-year-old Delta Air Lines reservations clerk who had been riding for less than a year, made it on the top twice on a Lambert 10-speed street bike. Ron Skarrin, who has been on the list two U.S. Olympic cycling teams, made it, though at 165 he is 15 pounds over his racing weight. David Smith, an electrician and the finest road racer in the Los Angeles area, made it, and so did Tony Herdrich, a good junior racer from Fountain Valley.

Ralph Boethling II, a frail, blond 23-year-old with hill climbing in his genes, made it for the fourth year in a row. His father, Ralph Sr., president of the Wheelmen, is the club's best all-round hill specialist, but he suffers, says his wife Laverne, from a syndrome known locally as Fear of Fargo, and has never attempted the climb.

A man-woman team, this year's only tandem entry, had the crowd at the top of the hill near frenzy as it approached the crest, but just short of the top it ran afoul of an immobile photographer and was forced to a standstill.

A "recumbent" bike caused a brief flurry at the starting line. It had a small

front wheel and an attachment on the rear that looked like the training wheel for a child's two-wheeler. Because the rider's position was nearly supine, the contraption seemed to have solved the pervasive problem of loss of rear traction, but the complete potential of recumbents went unexplored as this one came to a halt and began to roll backward some 15 feet past the start.

One of the day's real heroes was Bill Harris, a 55-year-old American Airlines mechanic. He was among the early starters, but as he was getting underway his chain came off after a few feet. With dozens of people close by, but none close enough to catch him, he fell to the ground. He got up smiling, though, and disappeared back into the crowd to work on his bike. On his second try he made it to the top.

Harris began riding after a trip to Austria in 1964. He had marveled there at how many people rode bicycles for transportation, "even 80-year-old women," and he decided to try it himself. When he got home to California he bought an old bike and began riding five miles to work every day, an act of courage for which he says driving a Volkswagen had prepared him. "Everybody looks like a Mack truck to a VW."

Just a few days ago, Harris experienced a moment of rare enlightenment. "I was driving my car on a freeway and looking in the rearview mirror when I suddenly realized I was scared. I feel more natural on a bike now." So Harris rides between 100 and 200 miles a week, 50 of them to work and the rest on weekends, on Saturdays with a group of young hotshots and with "a touring bunch of oldtimers" on Sundays.

On Fargo Sunday, after the climb, Harris sat on the terrace of an Olvera Street restaurant, alone at a table for two, still wearing his black leather crash helmet and eating enchiladas and refried beans. A marmosa band played under nearby olive trees, and Wheelmen milled around on foot with the Sunday tourists. "It's all leverage," Harris said. "I asked the boys in the bike shop to give me the lowest gear ratio they could put on my machine. I'm embarrassed to say, I don't know what it was. But it's like the guy said, 'Give me a lever and I can move the world.'"

In the case of a man who has conquered Fargo Street, the idea does not seem so farfetched.

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The brash Shutt (above) answers to 'Bullet' and is a goalmouth snper. Lemaire (below) wants steady work between Shutt and Lafleur



ON THE WHOLE, IT'S THE DONUT LINE

Centers come and go, but Montreal Wings Guy Lafleur and Steve Shutt fly on toward the goal-scoring title

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

A certain amount of togetherness on a hockey line is welcome, but the Montreal Canadiens' Guy Lafleur and Steve Shutt may be overdoing it. They room together on the road, meet with their wives for dinner when the team is in Montreal and, chummiest of all, are currently one-two—or two-one—in the National Hockey League goal-scoring race. The sweet-shooting Lafleur, a 25-year-old right wing who has led the NHL's point-scoring race for most of the schedule, and the trigger-happy Shutt, a 24-year-old left wing, both are approaching the 40-goal mark. And one almost always assists on the other's goals. Now what could be cozier than all this?

Well, there is one thing. Hockey lines, remember, consist of three men, and it would be all the more inspirational to report that Lafleur and Shutt could not be flying so high without the specific and indispensable help of Peter Mahovlich, the 30-year-old, 6' 5", 215-pound center who successfully played on their line much of the past two seasons. After all, the defending Stanley Cup champion Canadiens are far ahead again in the Norris Division, and practically everything else about them—Goalie Ken Dryden, the defense corps of Larry Robinson, Guy Lapointe & Company, team depth—is the best in hockey. So wouldn't it be nice to be able to flatly call the Lafleur-Shutt-

Mahovlich line the best in hockey, too?

But such a yearning runs afoul of Montreal Coach Scotty Bowman, who juggles his lines, well, left, right and center. Bowman directs the Canadiens while sucking ice cubes that he fishes from a bucket beneath the bench, and it was while refreshing himself in this fashion seven weeks ago that he decided to try somebody else at center with Lafleur and Shutt. The Canadiens were winning and Lafleur and Shutt were scoring in bunches, but while their line was on ice, too many opposition goals were being scored. Worse, Mahovlich, normally a pretty fair goal-getter himself, was having trouble finding the net. Bowman sounded like a cattleman worrying about an outbreak of hoof-and-mouth disease. "What if Shutt or Lafleur also goes bad?" he fretted. "I've got to get Peter going." He then decided to replace Mahovlich on the line with another seasoned center, clever little Jacques Lemaire.

Operating between Lafleur and Shutt, Lemaire has supplied some back-checking and has joined his new linemates in the goal-scoring fun. And the Canadiens are still winning. They hold a whopping lead of some 30 points over the second-place Pittsburgh Penguins, and they have the best record by far in the entire NHL. However, it would be premature to acclaim the Lafleur-Shutt-Lemaire line as the best in hockey. Why not? "I don't know if I'll keep the line together," cautions Bowman. "It all depends." And indeed, Mahovlich has sometimes been brought back to his old line for a few shifts—or even games—at a stretch.

About all you can say, therefore, is that the best line in the NHL at the moment is Lafleur, Shutt and Fill-in-the-Blank. This also is a commentary on the wondrous Canadiens, who are peerless even when slumping (Mahovlich) or thrown without warning into strange company (Lemaire). But it also underscores a change in the way hockey lines are now employed. In earlier times everybody sought stability on lines, reasoning, fairly enough, that it took a while



The Rasty LaFleur, this league's top scorer last season, operates with the flair of another Frenchman who played right wing for Montreal—Rocket Richard

for three players to develop the split-second precision necessary for whipping a puck back and forth while skating at 30 mph, a task lines are called upon to perform again and again during furious two-minute-odd shifts. Coaches carefully formed their lines—the ideal was to get a scorer, checker and playmaker on each one—and then sat back and waited for the gears to mesh.

The result was that the best lines often lasted five or six years, some even longer, and developed identities reflected by a lot of nicknames. Like Toronto's Kid Line of Joe Primeau, Busher Jackson and Charlie Conacher, which ran roughshod in the 1930s. Or the most explosive combination of the '40s, the Boston Bruins' Kraut Line of Milt Schmidt, Woody Dumart and Bobby Bauer. And will people ever stop arguing whether Detroit's Production Line of Gordie Howe, Ted Lindsay and Sid Abel was better than Mon-

tréal's Punch Line of Maurice Richard, Toe Blake and Elmer Lach?

Nowadays, lines seldom stay together long enough for anybody to nickname them. Buffalo Sabre General Manager Punch Imlach blames the change partly on the evils of expansion, asking, "With all the turnover on rosters, how can anybody possibly hope to keep a line together?" It is a further sign of the times that far from each line having a scorer, a checker and a playmaker, many of them don't have any of the three nowadays. But the wholesale juggling going on is usually a matter of choice rather than desperation. Finding flexibility more appealing than familiarity, coaches are coming up with more and more excuses to improvise their lines. Trying to end slumps is one reason. Another is injuries. But there are also a thousand tactical considerations that keep coaches busily mixing and matching lines.

The upshot is that no lines, not even the most potent, are sacred. The unnamed line of Phil Esposito, Ken Hodge and Wayne Cashman set countless records while helping the Boston Bruins win two Stanley Cups, but as soon as the line began to show signs of ineffectiveness, Esposito was traded to the New York Rangers—and Hodge soon followed. The Philadelphia Flyers' Bobby Clarke, Reggie Leach and Bill Barber combined for an NHL-record 141 goals a year ago, but when Leach got off to a sluggish start this season, Coach Fred Shero unhesitatingly shunted him to another line. It was with similar dispatch that Buffalo Coach Floyd Smith recently broke up his French Connection of Gilbert Perreault, Richard Martin and Rene Robert. The three were not getting along, but Smith insists, "The main problem we were having was that other teams were able to key on this one line. Now we've spread

continued

them over three lines." Significantly, the Connection, which had been largely intact since being formed in 1972, was the only line around with a nickname anybody had ever heard of—unless you count the Long Island Lighting Company, a handle pinned on the New York Islanders' Bryan Trottier, Clark Gillis and Billy Harris last season after they had played together—get this—for 38 games. But that was last season. After a slow start this season, the Lighting Company was turned off for good by Islanders Coach Al Arbour.

When it comes to shaking up lines, nobody stays busier than Bowman. Owing to Montreal's depth, he is able to keep his troops relatively fresh by starting the game with a rotation of four lines instead of the usual three, one of the four being the sort of checking line that all NHL clubs covet but few have. After a few minutes of action, though, the intellectual gymnastics Bowman likes to

perform while sucking on his ice cubes makes the concept of "regular" lines a faint memory: "Let's see now. Yvan Cournoyer is a little tired after the power play, so maybe I'll put Mario Tremblay on the next shift. Fine, but Tremblay is young and that experienced leftwinger might eat him up so . . . Hey, here come their big guns. Better get my checking line out there. . . ."

By means of such rapid-fire cerebration, Bowman has used upward of 30 different line combinations in a single game, scrambling and unscrambling so frequently that players have been known to scrawl on the locker-room blackboard, in exasperation, "What's My Line?" The manic juggling also makes life interesting for Montreal's French-language tableoids, which tend to find ethnic implications in even the most routine adjustments, particularly when a French player is removed from a high-scoring line. Bowman is sorry about all that. "Coaching

would be easy if you just used set lines," he allows, "but you've got to adjust to situations that arise."

All of which makes it slightly startling that the Lafleur-Shutt-Mahovlich line survived relatively intact for more than two years. The line was formed in November 1974, at a time when each of the three had reached a critical point in his career. Lafleur, one of the most highly touted players ever to don the Canadian bleu, blanc et rouge, had not lived up to his notches in his first three NHL seasons, and there was speculation he would be traded—or that he would jump to the WHA team in Quebec City, where he had been a legend during his amateur career. Shutt, drafted No. 1 by the Canadiens in 1972, was unhappy about his lack of playing time and wanted to be traded. And the word was that Mahovlich was more interested in carrying the pack than passing it.

As for what made this unpromising



combination click—and it clicked spectacularly—it should be quickly suggested that the man teammates call the Flower was ready to blossom no matter what line he was on. That is, Lafleur would still have excelled in the things—playmaking, shooting and forechecking—that made him a first-team NHL all-star the last two seasons. He would still have scored something like last season's league-leading 125 points. And he would still have enjoyed the trappings of success that have, for better or worse, come his way. These include a line of men's toiletries produced under his name (a women's line, "Guy," is due soon) and the fact that he found it prudent to learn to handle a .357 Magnum—practicing three times a week at a local police station—after a reported kidnapping plot during last spring's Stanley Cup playoffs. For more than a month Lafleur was shadowed by private detectives.

But Lafleur believes that going onto the new line helped things along. "At first, with the Canadiens, I played with Henri Richard and Yvan Cournoyer," he was saying the other day. "They were great names and older than me, and I think I was too impressed with them. I did too much thinking about them. It is more comfortable with Steve. We're the same age and good friends, and it is great to be on the same line."

Shutt relishes the friendship, too. A gregarious Torontonian, he was confident enough to have begun tooling around in a 1956 Bentley before becoming a star; nevertheless, he had been stung when Montreal's French-language papers were quick to criticize some of his early mistakes on the ice. Lafleur unfailingly defended him, and Shutt says now, "I really appreciated Guy for that." It might have eventually silenced his critics that Shutt married a Montreal girl, but he also answered them in more relevant ways. He got to the ice in a hurry, worked hard and was tough in front of the net, where his quick release justified his nickname of Bullet. Last season he scored 45 goals, second on the club to Lafleur's 56.

The senior citizen of the three, Mahovlich, is a clubhouse comedian who was only too glad to join Lafleur and

Shutt in the banter that NHL linemates feel duty-bound to exchange. Thus, when his wings inevitably complained that they played on a "donut line" that had no center, Mahovlich replied, also inevitably, that he played on a "helicopter line" that had no wings. When the line was first formed, Mahovlich's play justified the criticism that had been leveled against him; he insisted on stickhandling his way up the ice, a hulking, jut-jawed figure who used his great reach to coax the puck past defenders. The trouble was that this obliged Lafleur and Shutt to wait for him at the blue line. But Mahovlich soon enough saw the wisdom of adjusting his style and "head-manning" the puck to his wings.

"When you've got wings that move like Steve and Guy do, you want to get the puck to them on the break," he now concedes. Mahovlich's reach also helped him snag loose pucks at the offensive end. It was no accident that he led the Canadiens in assists both seasons the line was in business.

But any glowing references to Mahovlich—and therefore to the entire line—must be phrased, for now anyway, in the past tense. The trouble began when the line played as a unit in last fall's Canada Cup. Mahovlich, a dedicated reveler, was huffing and puffing on the ice. Lafleur remembers chatting with him over a beer at the Hotel Bonaventure. "I told him he should start taking care of himself," Lafleur relates. "I told him he wasn't doing Steve and me any good, or himself, either." In the regular season Mahovlich scored four goals in the first 16 games, then lost his touch completely, getting just two more goals in the next 23 games. He also was giving the puck away, and there was that back-checking problem.

Ken Dryden says of the situation. "Last year Pete, Guy and Steve were a true line. They worked the puck around the zone, keeping it in until one of them got an opening. The best thing about keeping it in the zone like that, of course, is that the other team can't score. But this year Guy and Steve were involved in a lot more two-man breaks. They were scoring a lot but they were also getting trapped up ice, which made us vulnerable on defense."

In breaking up the line, Bowman was, as usual, playing more than one angle. Of the decision to switch Mahovlich to left wing on another line—with Doug

Risebrough and Mario Tremblay—Scotty says, "Sometimes Pete loses concentration. The way to get him going is to give him some new responsibility. Besides, I'd like to get a little more size on the wings." The decision to bring in Lemaire rather than somebody else? "Jacques is a good back-checker, which is what this line needs. But I'd also like to see him become a bit more offensive-minded. Playing with Guy and Steve should help."

May all of life's problems be so resolved. In a recent four-game stretch, while playing alongside Risebrough and Tremblay, Mahovlich got two goals and two assists, and the smile he had been wearing for weeks suddenly seemed real. Moreover, Lemaire had already equaled last year's total of 20 goals and was plainly enjoying the fast company he was keeping. The boldish Lemaire likes to scoot around making short, quick passes, a different style from Mahovlich's. "Jacques passes more than Pete did but not as well," says Shutt. "Pete passes longer but Jacques gets up the ice quicker. Pete uses his size to get the puck while Jacques darts in there for it. Each guy has his own style."

When he is really juggling up a storm, Bowman likes to say, "In a way there are no such things as real lines anymore. They just don't last long enough." Yet there remains a one-for-all quality about even the most fleeting of today's lines, a shared awareness that if even one of the three members falters, then everybody does. This is why Lafleur can shrug off his torrid scoring race with Shutt by saying, "I really don't care who wins it, as long as we do." It is also why the two of them save a little togetherness for Fill-in-the-Blank, whoever that might be at the moment. One morning, right after Lemaire joined the line, Lafleur jokingly called out to him in the club's locker room, "Hey, Jacques, stick with Steve and me and we'll put you on the map."

A few weeks later the team was on a flight from Denver to St. Louis, and Lemaire was sitting next to a reporter who was interviewing him about the rewards and responsibilities of centering for the NHL's top two goal scorers. Lemaire suddenly turned and caught the eye of Lafleur, who was sitting further back in the cabin. "You were right, Guy," he nodded. "You and Steve have put me on the map."

Head roommates Lafleur (left) and Shutt try to line up some winning moves in backgammon.

PROMO WIZ IN KIDVID BID

Promoter Bill Riordan is at it again. Suddenly he's into skateboarding and is about to lay it on the little screen

by FRANK DEFORD

You won't believe this, but Bill Riordan, the preeminent sports hustler... front man?... can you live with entrepreneur, Bill?... is into skateboarding, with a bunch of angel-faced children. How can this be? "Anything that generates \$300 million in annual sales can't be all bad," Riordan says.

Once Riordan was into Jimmy Connors. Now he is suing Connors, but that's another story. In the olden days, with Connors, Riordan lifted tennis out of the society pages and put it into the gossip columns. Bill Riordan also took a lot of long green out of Vegas, with something called the Heavyweight Championship of Tennis. The Vegas caper got its inspiration in 1974, when Connors came off the court after clobbering Ken Rosewall in the finals at Forest Hills. "What did Connors say to you?" the press asked Riordan breathlessly, and, very serious, even grim, Riordan replied, "You won't believe this, but Jimbo said, 'Get me Laver!'"

Well, believe it or not, they *did* believe him. Maybe what Connors really said was, "Get me a drink of water," or "Get me a towel." This is probably as





close as he came to "Get me Laver," but everybody wrote it down. And now it has a shot at *Bartlett's*. Riordan shakes his head and waxes nostalgic, which is another thing he does well. "With Jimmy, sometimes it was like leading a symphony," he says. "And I don't believe anybody in sports could have done it but Connors. He never deviated from the script I wrote him. Even today, at his press conferences, some of my best lines surface."

Riordan is reminiscing as he drives to the taping of his first skateboard TV show, which he is coproducing with Jack Dolph, who, in another incarnation, was commissioner of something quaint known as the American Basketball Association. Riordan enjoys working the TV side of the street. In TV, everybody calls him Billy. Also, in TV he is classified as "not a bad guy." In TV, there are only two types of people. One is a bad guy. The other is not a bad guy. TV people will say of someone, "He's a bad guy." "Yeah, a bad guy." Another name will come up—Riordan's, say "Not a bad guy, Billy." "No, not a bad guy."

Riordan talked Dolph into the TV skateboarding venture the morning after the Calcutta at the Masters. It was over breakfast. They both remember this well, inasmuch as a guy they were with was putting vodka on his eggs. Dolph was not much interested until Riordan brought up the business about the \$300 million. "You're not going to believe this, Jack," Riordan said, "but there is now \$300 million in annual sales in skateboarding." The former commissioner of the American Basketball Association did believe this, which is why he is now, several months later, in some kind of turnstile jungle park in Tampa, shooting skateboard heroics for TV.

Skateboarding is taking off again—only this time it is not supposed to be just a fad, the way it was a decade or so ago. There are municipal skateboard

parks being constructed. Skateboard championships. *Skateboarder* magazine, a bimonthly, sells 210,000 copies and has two million readers. Denis Shufeldt, known as Shu-Fly, who has been clocked at 58 mph on a skateboard and is, at 26, the grand old man of the sport, says, "It won't peak for another 10 years." Shu-Fly is the expert commentator for the Riordan-Dolph show, and he actually makes a good living out of being a skateboarding authority. Can you believe that?

Skateboarding, Riordan told Dolph at the Masters, was a natural for KidVid. What the Heavyweight Championship of Tennis was to Vegas, skateboarding could be to KidVid. If you don't know what KidVid is, it is what *Variety* calls children's television. Jerry Golod, the sagem of KidVid at CBS, bought the idea quick. Right away he could see the place for skateboarding on KidVid. While nobody gives a rat's nose about television for grown-ups, everybody monitors KidVid to make sure it is tasteful and socially redeeming. You can't get Pepsi-Cola as a KidVid sponsor, for example, because Pepsi-Cola contains caffeine. All sorts of mothers are against violence on children's television—thereby forcing the youngsters to stay up late into prime time to get their quota of ax murders—and now people are even complaining that there is too much sex on KidVid. With the possible exception of Phyllis George and Charlie's Angels, all the good-looking TV broads work KidVid. For example, have you seen Isis?

So the pressure is on Jerry Golod, who is not a bad guy. No, not a bad guy. KidVid can use children's sports for wholesome purposes. Golod fairly leaped on skateboarding. It is healthy, nonviolent and even nonsensy. Of course, to keep the do-gooders content, they will have to go heavy on the safety equipment.

And the kids are all sweetie pies. Riordan explains why this is so. "Times have changed," he says. "If I had Connors now, I couldn't sell him the way I did. This is the Goldwater era of teen-agers. We're selling the apple pie and moth-

continued

Riordan's future kid stars—Ellen DeGeneres, Bobby Boyden, Laura Thornhill—are big on applehood

erhood look. I don't want the beach bums in the cut-off jeans." For KidVid, he put his applehead skateboarders into snappy samples from the Jimmy Connors-Robert Bruce sportswear line, one of the last contracts he signed with Connors before he started suing him instead.

Riordan arrives at the TV site in Tampa, where he becomes Billy again. It is Busch Gardens, where they made a good deal for the exposure. Former ABA Commissioner Dolph has brought in ex-NFL star Tom Brookshier to be the show's host. Brookshier is known as Brookie, and he also has on the Jimmy Connors-Robert Bruce duds. Not a bad guy. No, not a bad guy. Dolph has set up the slalom course over by Dwarf Village, and the kids are all there, just in from Southern California, the land of the endless asphalt, where skateboarding is biggest.

Riordan himself hails from Salisbury, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Salisbury is quite a place, per capitawise, in promoters; also calling Salisbury home is Frank Perdue, the guy who figured out how to put a brand name on a chicken. There must be something in the water in Salisbury. In any event, Riordan, jilted, on the rebound from Connors, was in California playing the horses and what-not when he locked out the window and saw a kid skateboarding down the street. "You won't believe this, but something clicked in my mind," Riordan says, reminding one of Samuel Morse or Alexander Graham Bell at equivalent moments of inspiration.

Mind still clicking, Riordan went down and congratulated the kid on his ability. Modestly, the boy replied, "You ought to see Ty Page."

"Get him," declared the ghost writer of "Get Me Laver."

Presently, another young skateboarder appeared, this one described by Riordan as "a Huckleberry Finn in a blond Afro," and did his suburb-renowned stuff for the visiting promoter. Riordan inquired if the young man had ever been remunerated for his magical abilities. Ty Page said that, well, he'd made \$50 once. Said Riordan, "Your price is now \$2,500, kid!" Thus did Jimmy Connors' erstwhile Svengali become a skateboard mogul on the road to KidVid immortality.

Promoting, Riordan feels, is a whole new ball game. "The three greatest sports promoters, in my judgment," he says,

"have been Muhammad Ali, Bill Veeck and Tex Rickard. In that order. But all the rules they succeeded by are out now. TV is almost the whole thing. That is where you have to develop superstars. And the superstars must make big money—that is the rest of the equation. Americans are completely money conscious. A guy can be fabulous, but he can't be a superstar unless he makes the big money. And the money today in sports is TV. He must be on TV, or nobody will acknowledge he exists. Representing athletes today is a nickel-dime business, except in extraordinary circumstances, like Jerry Kapstein and the baseball players last fall. After the athletes take it all out for themselves, there's nothing left."

Besides the wonderfulness of working in TV, the wonderfulness about promoting innocent young neo-Goldwater teenagers who skate only for the pure joy of it was that Riordan knew he would not have to suffer the greed and avariciousness that have sullied adult sports. Or so he thought, until—you will not believe this—one of the kids in his skateboarding stable had a lawyer call a few days before the taping in Florida to inform the promoter that the kid's contract had to be renegotiated.

"Oh, my god," Riordan says, "I've created more monsters. And here I was, just looking for something to help me toward my Golden Years, keep me off the streets and away from the track. Another kid I signed up, he says, 'Gee, Mr. Riordan, the most in my life I ever saw before was a \$20 bill.' And a couple weeks later, same kid calls up, saying, 'Hey, Bill, sure you talk big money, but I never see it.'"

So much for the applehead generation. Laura Thornhill, age 15, women's world champion, the top distaff gun in Riordan's skateboard arsenal, explains why, after a fractured wrist and assorted lacerations and dislocations, she keeps at it. "Too much money," she says. She knows she has to get it while the gettin's good. Although the speed and slalom aces may range well up into their 20s, the best freestylers are supple teenagers.

Chris (Wonder Boy) Chaput, the men's freestyle king and another Riordan product, is, like Laura, 15, and Bobby (Casper) Boyden has his best years ahead of him. He is only 13 and he has su-

perstar written all over him. In fact, if you wrote "superstar" on him, there wouldn't be room to write anything else. Bobby (Casper) Boyden is 4' 11", 85 pounds, and did he take former ABA Commissioner Jack Dolph to the cleaners in the pinball room of the Tampa hotel where they all happened to be staying. What do you like best about skateboarding, Bobby?

"The money, the money!" the cheerful little tyke replies.

Riordan, standing next to him, interprets this response for the gentleman of the fourth estate. "What Mr. Boyden means to say," Riordan announces, "is that he seeks to do something for the youth of America, whom he so nobly represents in America's fastest-growing youth entertainment."

Bobby (Casper) Boyden looks deadpan at Riordan. Connors, at least, laughed at Riordan's jokes, but, stony-faced, this kid orders a Shirley Temple on Riordan's tab. "What the hell's that?" Riordan asks, but gives up. "Never mind. They have their own language." One bit of new argot the kids picked up was "per diem," which they were quick to insert into their vocabulary after they got a fresh \$20 for the day the first morning.

But for their part, here are some of the expressions that Riordan and his middle-aged colleagues had to get a handle on: bongo, road rash, street pizza, massive header, doing a Mr. Wilson, machete, space walk, walk the dog, a 360, power stand, endo. And, as they say, it takes a while to get a good board wired. After a recent accident, Bobby (Casper) Boyden had to wear a neck brace. Plus a lot of stitches. "The asphalt never forgives," Shu-Fly intones.

"I think we're on the up of an iceberg," Riordan says. "This thing is going worldwide. They sold 10 million skateboards in '75. And the big companies, like Mattel, are just getting into it, and so far it's had no PR, no direction. Imagine, \$300 million a year and nobody promoting it!"

"I brought Ty Page and another kid named Bryan Beardsley into New York. We got Dolph's sports car out in front of the Burlington building on Sixth Avenue at lunch hour. You won't believe this, but it was the biggest turnout I ever had. Police lines. Bryan was gonna jump the car. The skateboard goes under, he

goes over and lands on it, see. They say New York's sophisticated. Well, these blasé New Yorkers say, 'Bill, you mean he's gonna jump the car?' I say, 'He's gonna try.' He can do it in his sleep, but I had him miss the first two times. Then he did it perfect, and it made all the TV news, it goes coast to coast."

By the Dwarf Village, everything is set up for the taping. There is even a hokey name, the kind the networks usually only give to second-rate golf tournaments: First CBS Youth Invitational. "Skateboarding's got all the elements," Riordan goes on. "It's clandestine—the kids have all these secret riding spots. It's got speed and danger. It's got its own language. It's got a mystique. You won't believe this, but these kids just know me as the guy who represents skateboarders. They don't know about me and Jimmy Connors at all."

"And wait'll the TV hits. That's Saturday, Feb. 12, 1 p.m. I've already had Chris Chaput on *Challenge of the Sexes*, and Jerry Golod says people in seven million homes will watch our special. That was the last figure. The estimates are going up. All we need is the TV superstar now. Chris or Bobby. Girls—I got Laura Thornhill or Ellen Onizl. I got Pat (Kid) Flanagan, best young slalom champion. And wait'll you see Tony Jetson. A bowl rider. And all terrific kids. These are apple-pie guys."

The show goes so well Jerry Golod starts talking about a Frisbee special next. More kids' sports on KidVid. Of course, sports will never replace Isis, but let us be fair to our children, if grown-up television gives us a choice between bowling, barrel jumping and celebrity senior mixed doubles, shouldn't children's programming provide at least one athletic alternative to *Flintstones* reruns?

Wait'll you see it. Pat (Kid) Flanagan—the chalk in Riordan's slalom line—won that competition. Chris (Wonder Boy) Chaput was out front on the engine in his first heat, but he came up endo when he crashed right after the jump. Unfortunately, he stumbled and fell just out of camera range and Delph had to "re-create the crash." Chris went along with it willingly, a real pro. These are now TV kids. They understand where show biz and sports mix. They're never going to ink any one-year pacts with the fuddy-duddy old Cincinnati Reds.



Boyden, 13 and 4' 11", 85 pounds, says that what he likes most about skateboarding is "the money"

So the crew took a lot of shots of Chris re-creating the crash to the best of his ability. "You'll never believe what Chris just said," Riordan revealed. "The kid said to me, 'Don't let anybody tell you acting's easy.' Whatta kid!"

Chris came right back in his specialty, the freestyle, and, starting with his Wonder Boy power stand, he won in hand. But he got a good run for his money from Tony Jetton and Bobby (Casper) Boyden. The contestants were allowed to perform three times, and could select the try to be judged. Bobby (Casper) Boyden was first to go, and, as he says, "choked" the first two times. He fell often and even goofed up the famous triple-kick flip that has made him a household name in a number of skateboard households. Shu-Fly, Brookie, Billy, former ABA Commissioner Jack Dolph and KidVid potentate Jerry Golod fretted. This was just not going to fly before KidVid viewers in those estimated seven million homes. On Feb. 12, sets

were going to be turning from CBS to *American Bandstand* and horror cartoons all over the U.S.

But, with the heat on for the third and last run, Bobby (Casper) Boyden put it all together. He hardly stumbled. He brought the house down at Busch Gardens. The crowd stood and cheered, notwithstanding it was already standing. Someday many in attendance would be able to boast they were there when a superstar was born. Riordan went over and shook Bobby (Casper) Boyden's hand. The boy seemed very solemn. Riordan came back with the report: "You know what Bobby just said to me? What a wonderful kid. Like I told you, all apple pie and motherhood. You won't believe this, but he looked up to me and he said..."

And here Riordan paused and looked reverently into the sky. "He said, 'I did that for you, Bill.'"

I believe it. I do. I believe it. Bill, I believe it.

END

A QUARTER A POINT ISN'T TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

The man from the Harvard Club had it figured: 'With dice like yours, an illiterate could win.' But that was before the author's first match in the \$191,795 backgammon tournament and the lucky roll that he will always remember

by E. J. KAHN JR.

MONDAY: Tomorrow I fly to Nassau, to compete, by invitation, in the Philip Morris World Championship of Backgammon. I have tried to explain to my wife that it is chiefly Stavros' fault. Stavros often plays, as I do, in the friendly dollar-a-point lunchtime backgammon games at the Harvard Club in New York. I don't know exactly what Stavros, who I guess is Greek, does for a living. Something to do with investments, probably, he once gave me a tip on an over-the-counter North Sea oil-drilling stock. Alas, the rig sank. In any event, he is a unique member of our otherwise low-key gambling coterie; on the few occasions when he loses, he proffers hundred-dollar bills. Most of the rest of us have never seen one.

Several weeks ago, after I had scored a rare but well-earned triumph over Stavros by throwing a much-needed double six, he snarled, "A man with your luck ought to be in the world championship." I demurred, stating, truthfully, that I had never even read a book about the complex game. "With dice like yours," Stavros declared, "an illiterate could win it." He was already entered at Nassau, it seemed, and soon, to my astonishment, so was I. There are major championship backgammon tournaments around the globe by now (many of them, like the Virginia Slims tennis circuit, under the sprawling aegis of Philip Morris)—at St. Moritz, Marbella, London, Pebble Beach, I forget where all else—but Stavros says Nassau is the big one. Its prize money might even match the phenomenal \$93,000 that was run up in the players' auction pool at Monte Carlo. My wife says I might as well go down and try to get my addiction out of my system. I have promised to stay no more than four days, because we have theater tickets for Friday.

TUESDAY: Stavros picks me up at dawn for the ride to the airport. He explains en route that there will be a dozen or more seeded players who'll be sold off individually in the auction pool; the rest of us will be strewn into fields of eight,

as in an enormous horse race. There will be a championship tournament, an intermediate and a beginners'; for him and me he scorns the last as *infra dig*. Those eliminated from the championship fight will have a shot at minor purses in a First

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL RAMUS



Consolation, a Second Consolation and, ultimately, a Last Chance. (There will also be a special prize for the most heart-rending hard-luck story.) There is money to be won at every turn, he assures me, and, he asks, what am I into these days, anyway? He himself is deep into cotton futures.

At the airport, Stavros takes out flight insurance. I've never before traveled with anybody who did. On the plane, he introduces me to some of our fellow passengers. One I have met before—a fellow who got thrown out of the Harvard Club when it was determined he was a non-member and was also suspected of being a backgammon hustler. "It's a new step for you, to leave the Harvard Club," this fellow tells me. I refrain from alluding to the odd circumstances of his departure. Among the others aboard is Barclay Cooke, who is practically the father of modern backgammon. Sitting behind us, Stavros confides to me in a whisper,

are a couple of professional gamblers from a certain New York club. He says they cheat. "Each other, too?" I ask. "Oh, yes," says Stavros affably. There is a woman a couple of rows ahead who, he tells me, once lost a million dollars at backgammon in a single day.

A lanky young man flops into the seat next to me. He reminds me that I know his parents. When he identifies them, I know who he is: he is their pride and despair, a school dropout who has become handsomely self-supporting by playing backgammon for high stakes—minimum of \$5 a point—at still another club. Self-support tells me that Paul Magriel will be in our tournament. I ask who Paul Magriel is. Self-support gives me a long hard look and replies, in pitying tones, "The human computer, often known as 'X-22.' Some consider him the best in the world." Self-support moves across the aisle, where a couple of his clubmates have set up a board for a game of airborne chouette. "Some of the strongest players in the world are on this plane," are his parting words. "If it goes down, backgammon will be set back 10 years."

Did Stavros know something I didn't know when he took out the insurance? We land safely; by then, Self-support informs me cheerfully, he has already made his plane fare.

At the Britannia Beach Hotel on Paradise Island, which seems to be harboring not only much of the globe's backgammon elite but also an accommodating casino and a round-the-clock gaggle of bookers, I register for the championship flight. The entry fee is \$150. No personal checks accepted; Philip Morris evidently knows the backgammon crowd and will only accept cash or travelers' checks. I am given a Philip Morris World Championship beach towel, and I wander, clutching it, out to the swimming pool, where a dozen unofficial backgammon contests are in progress. I inquire of a bystander what the stakes are at one table—how much, that is, per point, and he says, "A quarter." I discover that "a quarter" means \$25. "One" is \$100. No pinchpennies in this bunch. A cluster of Englishmen—from, I ascertain, the notorious Clermont Club on Berkeley Square—are reminiscing about memorable shots in bygone backgammon games, much as golfers discuss old rounds. At one table sits a white-haired Nestor who is addressed as "Ozzie." Could it be ...? Yes, a moment later he is hailed as "Mr. Jacoby." Oswald Jacoby? I haven't the gumption to introduce myself to this legendary hero of sedentary sports. It was for much the same accursed diffidence that I once blew my only chance to meet Marilyn Monroe.

There is a black-tie dinner tonight, preceded by a champagne party. I run into a woman who is covering the competition for the German Playboy, and a hypnotist from Boston who confides to me that this is his first tournament, too. Should I come up against him, I must remember to keep my eyes on the board. At dinner, by good fortune, I find myself at the same table with Barclay Cooke. During dessert, the auction of players begins. It is conducted by Lewis Dreyfuss, director of this tournament and a player of no mean distinction himself; he won at Biarritz and Abidjan. There seem to be 22 seeded players, to be sold off individually. Joe Dwek, the winner at Monte Carlo and author of the reputedly autobiographical *Backgammon for Profit*, is put up first and goes for \$4,700.

continued



Soltering bids on Jacoby (who eventually fetches \$2,500), Deyong acclaims him as "one of the greatest names in backgammon." Few of the field players rate any citations, so I am naturally electrified to hear the auctioneer intone, "E. J. Kahn's a newcomer, but I understand he knows the game." Conceivably because of that accolade, the field to which I am assigned commands a \$5,200 price tag. I am entitled to buy one-tenth of my own field, but I don't want to seem greedy. Still, it is flattering to reflect that my field turns out to be the most expensive one. Self-support's, for instance, sells for a paltry \$2,600, and Stavros', I am almost embarrassed to observe, for \$2,300. By the time the auction is concluded, Deyong is able to disclose that the bids have totaled \$140,500—the largest amount in backgammon history. The total prize money will be a whopping \$191,795. This is right up there with pro golf. I almost wish we didn't have theater tickets.

After the auction, I accompany Stavros to the casino, where it appears he has established a line of credit. Operating on a strictly cash basis, I back my wife's birth date at a roulette table and retrieve my plane fare.

WEDNESDAY: One rises late when the casino closes at 5 a.m. At noon, just after breakfast, I stroll over to the posh Ocean Club, where Stavros is staying. I find him in a huddle with Tournament Director Deyong, who says, intoxicatingly, that first prize will come to something like \$56,000. He adds that 19 of the best 20 players on earth are on this tiny island. One of them, Paul Magriel, the Human Computer, is giving a lesson at poolside. Magriel looks like the kind of kid you wouldn't trust to light your backyard charcoal grill, lest he go up in flames; but then, so do many mathematical geniuses. At an adjacent table are two more of the best, Messrs. Cooke and Jacoby. Hoping to pick up some expert tutelage myself, I make bold to join them. They are cagey. They talk baseball. Jacoby is describing, practically pitch by pitch, his recollections of the final game of the 1911 World Series. Cooke interrupts him to ask something that has been preying on his mind: Did or did not the famous catcher Wally Schang ever play center field? This is all too arcane for me, and anyway it is time to return to my own dogs and gird myself for battle.

The Grand Ballroom of the Britannia Beach has been cleared of nearly every-

thing but backgammon tables. More than 100 of them are there arrayed—an awe-inspiring sight. The draw has been posted. There are 200-odd entrants in the championship flight and, to my astonishment, I have been granted a first-round bye. I am already one of the 128 best backgammon players in the world. A chap I dimly recall from the casino last night peers over my shoulder and says, "You must be a pro." I grant him a small professional shrug.

The first-round matches are 17-point affairs, the second round 19. While I want to see who'll face me in that bracket, I am enchanted by the non-stop rattle of dice, an eerie, lulling sound. Somebody ought to record it and peddle it to John Cage. I stop by Stavros' table. He is being slaughtered; it is too painful to watch. I drift over to where Self-support is engaged; he, too, loses, and because there has been some argument along the way, there is no exchange of handshakes. I eavesdrop on a couple of toffs from the Clernmont Club, where I've heard it's not uncommon to play backgammon for £200 a point. One Limey is telling another about a poker game yesterday evening in which somebody dropped 340,000 quid.

Finally, I get to play. My opponent is a woman, with long, tapering, curved fingernails that eventually have me mesmerized; they claw at her dice and checkers like hawks' talons. I run up a nice lead—6-1, 10-4, 13-9. I am distracted by a frightful dispute at the next table, about the correctness of a score. Deyong and Cooke are summoned to arbitrate, while I am trying to concentrate; the contretemps is settled by a roll of a die. A tough way to lose.

My own loss is hard to take, too—a 19-18 defeat. Would you believe that this woman—who has already been favored with the luckiest damned double four you ever heard of in your life—would, with the score 18-18, get the only throw that would give her a chance to survive, a five-four, 17-to-1 odds against her, for God's sake; and that an instant later this long-shot artist would defy the laws of probability again? Sixty-five years hence, will I remember the fateful six-two she threw as clearly as Ozzie Jacoby can recall the 1911 World Series? More clearly, I dare say; he was only a spectator.

I sink off to the casino to lick my wounds. I bet again on my wife's birth date and lose my plane fare and a bit

more. Stavros looms at my shoulder; he says the dame who knocked me out is only a so-so player. I comfort myself before falling asleep with the reflection that it doesn't really matter whether or not she threw that outrageous six-two, or even the five-four. Why should I care whether I am one of the best 64 backgammon players on earth or merely one of the best 128? It is not winning or losing that counts. That I gave it my all is the only consolation I need.

THURSDAY: Today the first consolation round begins. I'll show them. I read in a backgammon magazine somebody has left behind at breakfast that my conqueror last night won the ladies' prize at Monte Carlo. So much for Stavros and his opinion. I visit the Grand Ballroom to check on the survivors of yesterday's combat. The casualty list is appalling. Half the seeded players are dead—Cooke, Jacoby, Dwek and Magriel among them. I hear that The Human Computer has been blunked, by an anonymous mortal. I am in good company.

I have a bye in the first consolation, too. I hang around for three hours—soberly hustling a couple of surly backgammon pigeons, from whom I win two or three—to learn who my second-round opponent will be. He plays slowly. By the time I dispatch him and thereby advance to the third round, it is 9:15 p.m. I haven't eaten since breakfast, but am instructed to be ready to play again at 9:30. I seek out Stavros at an elegant restaurant and bum a roll off his table.

My third-round opponent is a suave Swiss, with a Liechtenstein mailing address—an internationalist if ever I encountered one. He beats me, sort of fair and square, but only after accepting a preposterous double that no Harvard Club man in his right mind would countenance; and, after that imbecility, throwing a fantastic double five—35-to-1 odds against him, as I wish I could forget—that wraps the match up for him. Of all the infernal misfortune! I have no doubt that on the basis of what has happened to me, I could win the hard-luck-story competition hands down, but I don't intend to try for it. I believe a gentleman should take his gambling lumps in silence.

FRIDAY: Back in New York, I go to an Off-Off-Broadway revival of *The Vagabond King*. I cry throughout *Only a Rose*. The next time I run into Stavros, I must remember to ask him who won. **END**

How come I enjoy smoking and you don't?

It's got to be my cigarette. Salem gives me great taste. And enough fresh menthol to keep things interesting.

You'd enjoy smoking, too, if you smoked Salem.

Salem.

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At Honda, being the first isn't the exception. It's the rule. Honda was the first modern motorcycle manufacturer to offer a transversely

mounted, overhead-cam, four-cylinder engine. Honda pioneered cycle disc brakes. Then Honda combined these firsts with the latest technical first, a Hondamatic transmission. The result is the incomparable Honda 750 Hondamatic. The newest in Honda's line of select four-cylinder, four-stroke road bikes.

The sleek Honda CB-750A glistens with advanced engineering concepts. It offers the ease of a

sophisticated semi-automatic transmission with hydraulic torque converter. When riding, merely select "low" for around town or "drive" for shift-free riding. There's no clutching involved.

The Hondamatic transmission has no sliding gears, shift drums or shift forks. Fewer total parts mean simpler maintenance and a longer life expectancy. It's absolutely ingenious.

But ingenuity is not restricted to

Always wear a helmet and eye protection. Keep lights on and check local laws before riding. Model availability may be limited. For more information, write: American Honda Motor Co., Inc., Dept. 5027, Box 50, Garden, California 90041. See Yellow Pages for nearest dealer. © 1975 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.

the transmission alone. The four carburetors are equipped with an accelerator pump to provide instant throttle response. A superbly designed instrument panel indicates the transmission position as well as oil pressure, high beam, turn signals and fuel level.

When you park your CB-750A, the kickstand automatically disengages the transmission into neutral for easy starting when you're ready

to go again. And, for added convenience, the CB-750A has a special parking brake.



If you're the kind of person who appreciates or demands technical excellence, see the Honda CB-750 Hondamatic on display at your Honda motorcycle dealer. It's the latest in the series of legendary Honda Fours. And the first of a new breed to come.

HONDA
GOING STRONG!

A large, three-dimensional, white text graphic reading "CB-750A" is the central focus of the lower half of the advertisement. The text is slanted slightly to the right. It is superimposed over a background image of a workshop. In the background, a motorcycle is partially visible on the left, and a workbench with various items like a bucket, a spray bottle, and some containers is on the right. A red jack stand is also visible in the foreground.

I steal for a living

by 'Clyde' Frazier

The art of the steal.

There is a time and a place for stealing.

If you miss, your man should not be able to go in for a basket or create a two-on-one situation. So a good place to steal is just when your man is crossing half-court—in the outside corners. The side-line plays like an extra man for your team. If you go for the ball and miss, the guy can only go out of bounds.

There are times early in a game when I could make a steal, but I might prefer to keep the other guy feeling complacent. Then he's easier to steal from later, when the game gets tight and everything is crucial. A steal then could really crush the other team.



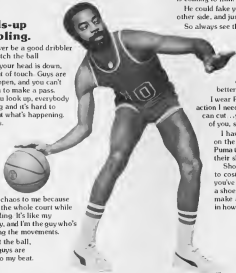
Heads-up dribbling.

You'll never be a good dribbler if you watch the ball.

While your head is down, you're out of touch. Guys are coming open, and you can't see them to make a pass. When you look up, everybody is moving and it's hard to figure out what's happening. It's chaos.

It's not chaos to me because I can see the whole court while I'm dribbling. It's like my symphony, and I'm the guy who's controlling the movements.

I've got the ball, and the guys are moving to my beat.



Why I play it cool.

Most guys show strain on their faces. If I'm applying pressure, I can see they don't like it. So I do it even more. Whereas if you pressure me, I still look the same way. You don't know whether to keep it up or back off.

On the inside, I'm just like everybody else. But I've developed a technique of not showing any emotion. So you can't read me. That's why people say I'm cool.



One big mistake.

If you face-guard your man, you won't know when the ball is coming to him. Or which side it's coming from.

He could fake you to one side, take the pass on the other side, and just walk in back-door.

So always see the ball and your man.

Traction & action.

I always tell kids to go for the best in a basketball shoe. Some of it is psychological. If the shoes feel right on your feet, then you're going to feel better playing in them.

I wear Puma.* They give me the traction and action I need. I like the grip of them, the way you can cut...you can move in them. They're a part of you, so you feel ready.

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Hallelujah, what a team!

Athletes in Action preach the gospel at halftime, but during games they give opponents a devil of a time. Last week Nevada-Las Vegas never had a prayer

It was halftime at the Anaheim Convention Center. Visiting Nevada-Las Vegas, 16-1 and ranked fifth in the AP poll, was trailing by 14 points and had retreated to its locker room to plot a comeback. But the home team, an outfit known as Athletes in Action, had remained on court and said to the crowd, in effect, "And now a word from our Sponsor."

The first player to take the microphone was 6' 10" Center Bayard (the Tree) Forrest, an ex-Grand Canyon College star who was the 19th man selected in the last NBA draft. "Seven months ago I rejected a \$230,000, two-year, no-cut contract with the Seattle SuperSonics," he told the audience. "With this I turned down the dream of every basketball player in the country, and that is to play ball with the superstars of the NBA. And, you know, I did it because of the tremendous challenge of seeing the lives of people change, as mine has been changed, through a personal relationship with Jesus Christ, the greatest person of all history."

Center Ralph Drollinger (ex-UCLA) offered a short, religious talk. Guard Eldon Lawyer (ex-Oral Roberts U.) led the audience in prayer; and then the squad hurried off for a three-minute locker-room chalk talk, before reemerging to warm up for the second half. Praise the Lord and pass the basketballs!

Nevada-Las Vegas' comeback never developed. Forrest, the 7' 2" Drollinger and 6' 8" Forward Tim Hall (ex-Coronado State) controlled the backboards. Guards Brad Hoffman (North Carolina), Freeman Blade (Eastern Montana) and Lawyer handled and shot the ball expertly, and AIA won 104-77, which is what you might expect when Las Vegas tries to take on God. The victory improved AIA's season record to 23-6 and its winning streak to 13. Not bad, considering that many of its games have been against Top 20 teams and that this was only the second home game in AIA's 9½-year, 367-game history.

The first home game was held just the week before against the top-ranked and unbeaten University of San Francisco. AIA achieved perhaps its most important victory that night, crushing the Dons 104-85. Hall scored 20 points, Drollinger and 6' 9" Forward Irv Kilfin 18 apiece. Luckily for USF, the game was not counted by the NCAA.

"They are extremely talented," said USF Coach Bob Gilliland. "It's a super

team, with a lot of experience, well coached and poised. We wanted to play a talented team to shake us up and that's what happened."

Thus Vegas Coach Jerry Tarkenton expected trouble when it came his team's turn to visit the arena near Disneyland last Saturday night, and he got it. The Rebels' 77 points were more than 30 below their average and they were outrebounded 64-33. Hall had 17 of those 64 rebounds, while Lawyer and Forrest had 23 and 18 points respectively, and Hoffman had seven assists. Leading scorer Kilfin, perhaps preoccupied by thoughts of his five-day-old daughter, had an off night, but AIA did not need him.

"They wiped us out," said Tarkenton. "They totally dominated us every way. We weren't even in the same class with 'em."

Just what is Athletes in Action? It is the jocks-for-Jesus arm of Campus Crusade for Christ International, which was founded at UCLA in 1951 (SI, April 19, 1976 et seq.). Dave Hannah, an ex-Oklahoma State football player, started the first AIA basketball team in 1967. To-

day there are AIA wrestling teams in Lancaster, Pa. and Long Beach, Calif., a gymnastics team in Wheaton, Ill., a college-division basketball team in Indianapolis, and, in Tustin, Calif. (a few miles southeast of Los Angeles), the main basketball team plus weight-lifting and track-and-field teams. Hannah is still in charge and soon will add soccer, women's volleyball and women's basketball. He calls his squads "teams of destiny."

The purpose is "to use the ready-made platform that athletic competition provides" to win converts. Says Hoffman, "I thank our record for converts is even better than our basketball record."

AIA is coached by Bill Oates, who had a fine record at Santa Ana (Calif.) Junior College. He favors the racehorse game—fast breaks and full-court presses the whole game. Fast breaks are easy to start, of course, when you have Forrests, Drollingers and Halls to get the ball off the defensive backboard.

Oates has all kinds of talent. Forrest was the MVP in the NAIA tournament, where he led Grand Canyon to the 1975 title. Hoffman, a little guy (5' 10") with

continued



Before the start of practice, members of the AIA squad take a moment to check in with the Sponsor

a barely discernible blond mustache, was captain at North Carolina, an All-East Regional selection. Blade was a fourth-round NBA draft pick, as was Scott Thompson of Iowa.

It is Irvin Kiffin, though, who has the best story to tell at halftime. He grew up in Queens, N.Y. and made the mistake of running around with "the cool guys instead of the creeps. I was strung out on drugs for five years of my life." Somehow he got the needle out of his arm long enough to play one season of basketball at Springfield Gardens High and win a basketball grant to Virginia Union. His heroin problem went along and he didn't last. Then he got married and switched to Oklahoma Baptist in Shawnee, Okla., where "we both found the Lord together." He had two good seasons and was disappointed that no pro team drafted him.

"Now I just thank God. He didn't let me get drafted," he says. "The uniqueness of this team is there are no individuals. We're all playing for a common bond for Jesus Christ."

What they are obviously not playing for is money. Each team member is paid from \$7,000 to \$10,000, depending on his number of dependents. When they're not practicing or playing games, they are kept busy speaking about their salvation. The word is further spread by AIA's newspaper and radio-TV network (ex-UCLA Coach John Wooden is doing the TV color for the second year).

There are bigger things ahead. More televised games. More home games in Anaheim Convention Center. And perhaps a world title. "Our goal is to represent the United States in the World Games in 1978 in the Philippines," says Oates. "That's one of the things we're shooting for. We need to pick up two or three more outstanding players."

Amen.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

MIDEAST While people turned down their thermostats because of the natural-gas shortage, Northwestern, which seemed to have been playing most of the season with its thermostat off, suddenly heated up. The Wildcats, losers of 13 of 17 games, burned Michigan 99-87. Three

weeks earlier they had lost at Ann Arbor by 37 points. This time Northwestern got 29 points from Billy McKinney and beat Michigan at its own game by utilizing an effective full-court press. Michigan also had troubles in two earlier games, scoring the final 12 points to beat Ohio State 92-81 and holding off Wisconsin 69-64. Wisconsin and Illinois did their damndest against Purdue. The Badgers used a zone, but the Boilermakers countered with a three-guard offense and won 81-71. Huge snowdrifts nearly prevented the Ills from reaching West Lafayette, but after traveling over four highways their bus got there. So, remarkably, did almost 13,000 fans, who saw Purdue sink 28 of 32 free throws and win 66-63. Minnesota beat Michigan State 75-70, Indiana 79-60 and Ohio State 77-67. At week's end the Big Ten standings were: Michigan 8-1, Purdue 7-1, Minnesota 6-1.

Fans at Rupp Arena laughed when the electric power mysteriously faded and caused the scoreboard to flicker in the closing minutes against Mississippi, implying that Kentucky was, indeed, shooting the lights out. The Wildcats' 63.1% marksmanship led to a 100-73 Southeastern Conference victory. When Kentucky came to Alabama, all 120 state legislators and Governor George Wallace were there to cheer on the Tide. The Wildcats, though, had Jack Givens, Mike Phillips and Rick Robey. With Givens scoring 23 points and Phillips and Robey adding 32 more, Kentucky won 87-85. Earlier, Alabama beat Georgia 78-74 in overtime. First-place Tennessee stopped Mississippi, Bernard King and Ernie Grunfeld scoring 51 points.

1. TENNESSEE (14-2)

2. KENTUCKY (14-2) 3. MICHIGAN (15-2)

EAST

Wake Forest Coach Carl Tacy, who believes in seat-of-the-pants tactics, and Clemson Coach Bill Foster, who believes in not sitting when he can lead cheers, both relished was over North Carolina. During practices, Tacy's Deacons wear trunks with OFFENSE written on the backside. The Wake Forest defense held the Tar Heels to their lowest point total of the season and that, coupled with clutch shooting by the Deacons, brought them from 15 points down to a 67-66 win. When Carolina journeyed to Clemson, Foster exhorted his team with late-game cheerleading. In the process, he dislocated his shoulder. Foster didn't mind; his Tigers handed the Tar Heels their third loss in their last four games 93-73 as Wayne (Trec) Rollins had 15 points and 19 rebounds. That left Wake Forest (5-1) ahead of Clemson and North Carolina State (both 4-2) and Carolina (5-3) in the Atlantic Coast race. Maryland overcame a 17-point N.C. State advantage to pull out a 75-73 win. State then beat Virginia 73-67, while Maryland lost 88-76 to outsider George Washington.

Workmen setting up the marquee early in

the week for the Madison Square Garden Classic did some prognosticating about the finals. Their predictor: Holy Cross vs. Rutgers. They were half right, as Holy Cross advanced by downing Manhattan 82-64 and beat Seton Hall 82-77 in the finale.

"The Villanova team has been around for four years and the chickens are coming home to roost," said St. John's Coach Lou Carnesecca after a 65-63 loss to the Wildcats. His allusion to "fowl" play was quite apt, for among those who led Villanova were Larry (Swan) Herron, who scored three points in the closing 25 seconds, and Reery Sparrow, who sank all five of his floor shots. Another Herron, Swan's brother Keith, added 20 points. Villanova (13-3) then beat Wagner 83-49 and St. John's downed Oregon 61-51.

Columbia moved into first place in the Ivy League with a 4-0 record. The Lions stopped Yale 71-44 and then sank 41 of 54 free throws to defeat Brown 103-91. Princeton avenged an earlier loss to Penn with a 69-56 verdict that left both one game back of the Lions.

Syracuse beat Buffalo 91-71 and Temple 76-67, while Providence downed Canisius 86-69 and then won in overtime, 71-63 from Niagara.

1. WAKE FOREST (16-2)

2. PROVIDENCE (16-2) 3. N. CAROLINA (13-4)

MIDWEST

While Missouri was beating Iowa State 79-69 a dog sprouted on court. Perturbed by his team's 38% shooting, Cyclone Coach Lynn Nance said, "That wasn't the only dog on the floor." Earlier, in a game for the Big Eight lead, the Tigers stopped Kansas State 66-60. They did it despite Curtis Redding, an ebullient freshman who helped run penguin cheers and who led the Wildcats to an 11-point halftime bulge with 19 points. From there on, though, Missouri's Kim Anderson was the big show. Anderson, shifted to guard Redding in the second half, held him to five points while scoring 15 of his own.

Playing mostly against outsiders, three Metro Conference teams outwitted. Louisville scored in spurts to whip LIU 107-68 and Rhode Island 105-87. During one stretch in the first game, the Cardinals scored on 20 of 21 possessions. Next time out, Louisville broke open a tight game by outscoring the Rams 31-13. Cincinnati held Wichita State scoreless for the final seven minutes to take a 68-60 verdict, then topped Duquesne 83-65. Memphis State struggled past New Orleans 88-86 in overtime, then beat Dayton 81-67.

Pressure defense enabled Marquette to wipe out DePaul 85-64. Hank Raymondson, long the mastermind behind the Warriors' strategy, was named to succeed Al McGuire next season as coach and athletic director.

Arkansas tightened its hold on the Southwestern Conference lead, beating Texas A&M 73-58, SMU 73-59 and Baylor 68-59 as Mae-

vin Delph pumped in 65 points. Otis Birdsong amassed 90 points as Houston trounced Baylor 111-89 and SMU 103-102, and lost in overtime to Texas Tech 84-83.

1. LOUISVILLE (14-2)

2. ARKANSAS (17-1) 3. CINCINNATI (14-2)

WEST San Francisco almost left its winning streak in Santa Clara, where the Dons were behind by 16 early in the second half. With Marion Redmond scoring 21 second-half points, USF trailed 70-69 with eight seconds remaining. That's when Villanova transfer Chubby Cox took an inbounds pass, raced down the sideline and banked in a shot that kept the Dons undefeated. The Broncos came close to upsetting the Dons three days earlier, too, and might have done so had it not been for a nut-up. Coach Carroll Williams, who mistakenly thought his superlative freshman forward, Kurt Rambis, had drawn his fourth foul, benched him for 10 minutes in the second half. While Rambis had played, Santa Clara had built a 38-32 lead. Without him, the Broncos fell behind, eventually losing 74-68.

"When you are down 16-6 to a Don Haskins-coached team, it's like standing on the bottom of the Great Salt Lake wearing cement shoes," said Utah Coach Jerry Pimm. With eight minutes gone, Haskins' Texas-El Paso team led 16-6. But then the Utes got the cement out of their shoes and went on to a 59-49 victory. Utah also knocked off New Mexico 94-84 as Hunter Matheny connected on 15 of 19 field-goal tries and had 32 points. That enabled Utah to take command of the Western AC race with a 5-1 record. Arizona fell a game back after being surprised by Wyoming 69-68. Doing the Wildcats in was Joe Fazeekas, a 6' 11" sophomore, who was nursing an ankle injury and was not expected to play. But play he did, coming off the bench to score 23 points. Arizona got unexpected help of its own to beat Colorado State 77-72. Phil Taylor, a 6' 8", 220-pound, low-scoring forward, gained 30 points for the Wildcats.

"That's a bigger, quicker, younger, stronger version of the great Elgin Baylor," marveled a pro scout after watching Marques Johnson of UCLA against USC. Johnson earned this praise with 25 points, 15 rebounds and five slam dunks in a 77-59 Pac-8 win. Playing earlier at Notre Dame, Johnson ruled the Bruins to a 70-65 victory with 23 points. Washington tied UCLA for the league lead by jolting Washington State 71-68.

"Maybe they thought the tipoff was at 7:45 instead of 7:30," said New Mexico State Coach Ken Hayes, whose team had trailed Bradley 28-0. That's right, 28-zero. Hayes was able to joke because his Aggies topped off a dazzling resurgence with a 117-109 win.

1. SAN FRANCISCO (21-0)

2. NEV-LAS VEGAS (16-1) 3. UCLA (14-2)



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In New York, Heather McKay (left) defeated U.S. champion Gretchen Sprence in the semifinals

It was hard, but easy

Two well-conditioned Aussies gave the Americans a lesson in their own game

It was the most awesome Australian invasion since Rupert Murdoch hit Gotham. Here they came, smiling at one and all, calling their hostesses "mums," and then whipping us at our own game. You want an analogy? All right, imagine the King and His Court beating the Cincinnati Reds—at baseball.

Here's what happened during the last two weeks: the world's best softball squash players came to America to compete in our hardball squash tournaments. Because the transition is not unlike that from softball to baseball, you might have expected them to learn the new game. Instead they taught it.

First Geoffrey Hunt, the 29-year-old

world champion, rode into Philadelphia to play in the \$16,000 North American Open. Hunt had played serious hardball squash only once before, at age 16. So he toppled the best amateur and professional players in the U.S. before losing a thrilling final to the world's best hardball player. A week later the legendary women's champion, 35-year-old Heather McKay, stopped in New York just long enough to sweep through the \$6,500 Bancroft Women's Open without the loss of a game. McKay (pronounced muk-kigh) had never before played tournament hardball.

In their wake, the Aussies left Americans reevaluating their own game. But in order to understand their shock, you must first understand softball squash. In every squash country but Mexico, Canada and the U.S., the game is played with a small, squishy ball that must be struck with great force. The ball rebounds with less speed than its larger, harder American counterpart, and therefore must be chased all over a court that is 2½ feet wider than ours. Games are nine points instead of 15, but an international point can be won only on service. What results

is a delicate, seemingly endless game of attrition, position and patience, a kind of physical chess. The longest softball squash tournament match on record lasted two hours, 35 minutes. The American hardball game rarely lasts half that long.

Because international players must be better conditioned for the long siege, they usually adjust to the American game faster than Americans adjust to theirs. International champions like Hashim Khan and Janet Morgan Shardlow have won American tournaments. In the Wightman Cup of women's squash, the Wolfe-Noel series, the British have won three of eight team hardball matches, but the Americans have never won a single individual softball match.

Still, the transition to hardball is not easy. Would the Aussies adjust to the speed of the American ball? Would they learn such shots as the hard serve and the reverse corner placement that are virtually nonexistent in their game? Would they have the touch to hit the volatile American ball softly enough to keep it from overrebounding?

Hunt arrived in America two weeks before the Open. He had pretty well cleaned out the rest of the world in softball in 1976, having won 17 of 22 tournaments and earned nearly \$40,000. Beginning his American tour, Hunt won the William White tournament in Haverford, Pa. against a middling field. Then he asked the two leading U.S. pros, Victor Niederhoffer and Peter Briggs, to show him their skills. They obliged, Niederhoffer winning five of five practice games, Briggs four of five.

Hunt's first-round opponent in the Open was John Reese, the top U.S. amateur. Well prepared, Reese drew on his experience for every shot he could muster, but the agile Hunt ran them all down and kept the ball deep. Often Hunt reached behind himself for backhands he somehow lashed directly to the front wall. Even when he slipped, he seemed to come down with the grace of a ballet dancer. "He covers so well he makes immaturity creep into your game," said the drenched, exhausted Reese after losing 15-11, 15-17, 15-8,

18-17. "You get frustrated and try for shots you can't make. It's a form of crying 'help!'"

By contrast, Hunt was slightly damp and breathing easily. "The standard of fitness for all our players is excellent," he said, relating that he runs eight to 10 miles up and down the Melbourne area dunes on the days he isn't doing half-mile sprints. "You've got to keep yourself in shape if your matches are going to last two hours."

"It's not just his conditioning and patience," said University of Pennsylvania Coach Al Molloy, "but his position, stroking and concentration. They have time for that in their game, and he's not changing here. It's instructive. We get away with a lot of sloppiness in our game." Frank Satterthwaite, an American pro and racquet writer, said, "We have to learn to generate power the way they do—with a high, golflike backswing that not only gives them a bigger arc but also enables them to really get their hips and shoulders into the stroke."

Hunt easily won his next two matches, but now he surely faced his comeuppance—the semifinals with Niederhoffer. Hunt won the first game 15-7. Niederhoffer adjusted and took the second 15-9, but when Hunt retrieved enough drops, sideways and deep cross-courts to take the third 15-13, the five-time U.S. national champ was through. Utterly exhausted, Niederhoffer watched Hunt run out the match 15-6.

On to the finals against defending champion Sharif (King) Khan, the Pakistani-turned-Torontonian who had won seven of the previous eight titles. Having undergone some humbling experiences with softball players, Khan had been in serious training for perhaps the only time in his life. A wise move, for he needed stamina to survive a five-game semifinal against unseeded Princeton sophomore Tom Page. It was strategy, though, that earned Khan to wins in two of his first three games with Hunt. Mixing his pace, floating, smashing, lobbing, once even taking a double swing, he scored on passing shots after drawing Hunt into the forecourt. When Hunt made a couple of fatigue errors early in the fourth game, Khan seemed fully in control, the \$5,000 first prize all but pocketed.

Khan, 32, has acquired a reputation for his hard-hitting, relentless pursuit,

and astute that would melt Evil-Eye Flegle. Now he was leading—and clowning. "Allah, help me," he cried at 13-5 when his shot hit the tin. But Allah only helps those who help themselves. Hunt drew closer on several more Khan errors. Sharif made it 14-8 on an overhead, but Hunt kept chipping away, a drop shot here, a forced error there. Suddenly, it was 14-13. The overflow crowd at Penn's Ringe Courts sensed a moment of great drama. Khan's reputation—and that of the American game—were under attack. He responded with the most important shot of his life—a three-wall beauty that nicked off the left side.

Meanwhile, New York's Uptown Racquet Club prepared for the first American women's tournament ever to be played for money. And prepared for Heather McKay. She is known as the Chris Evert of women's squash, a description that doesn't quite fit. Chris Evert rarely loses matches, Heather McKay rarely loses games. Since taking up squash at age 18 as an off-season conditioner for field hockey, she has lost two matches—most recently in the 1962 Scottish Open. She lost her last game in 1972. Her record is unmatched by any woman in any sport: 15 straight British titles, 14 straight Australian, the one and only women's world championship (she won the final 9-2, 9-2, 9-0). When McKay plays, the only score kept is her opponent's. "If I lose a few more points than I usually do," McKay says, "they ask, 'What's wrong, did you have a bad day, are you on the way out?' Once I played a girl, and her husband or father bet a bottle of champagne for each point she made. She got four bottles and gave one to me. I said, 'Why didn't you tell me? We'd have got a lot more.'"

It was said before the tournament that McKay could stand in the backcourt and whip a precision ball off the front wall one foot above the tin and back to the rear wall without a bounce. That, after warming up by bouncing the ball 100 straight times with the edge of her racquet. "They do tell stories," she said. Less omnipotent players might have had worries. After all, hadn't she cut down her playing schedule in the 19 months since she and her husband Brian had moved to Toronto to accept teaching jobs? And hadn't she just begun to play hardball? Worry not, said her fans: she was a ten-

nis star at 13, an all-Australian field hockey player in her 20s and a softball squash champion forever. Why not hardball?

Why not, indeed? McKay disposed of Gail Ramsay, the fourth-ranking American, 15-4, 15-7, 15-6 and national champion Gretchen Spruance 15-5, 15-10, 15-3. McKay didn't use all the American shots, but she didn't need to. Reading the ball perfectly, whipping it with her full, powerful stroke, she stood at the center-court T as casually as if she were giving a lesson. A genial woman of 5'6", she gets her power from her well-developed right arm and thick, field-hockey legs. "So fast, so accurate and so low," Ramsay said after absorbing McKay's shots. "A phenomenon," said Spruance.

McKay was one of three Aussie women in town to try the American game. Margaret Zachariah finished fifth. Sue Newman, powerful at 150 pounds and deceptively fast from a Huntlike training program, shut out America's leading squash junkie, Philadelphian Barbara Makby, in the semis. The Americans' placement-oriented strokes had been reduced to cracking twigs. In the finals McKay unceremoniously dismantled Newman in 28 minutes 15-7, 15-9, 15-12 for the \$2,000 winner's share. It was the first time a player had simultaneously dominated hardball and softball, but the triumph seemed anticlimactic. "She's so far ahead of the field that you can't really appreciate her talents watching her play another woman," said Satterthwaite, who had practiced with McKay. "She can dig for short balls and recover from a misstep better than all but the very top men."

Heather's feathers are rarely ruffled. There had been a single story about her in the Toronto press—the one announcing her arrival. "If I walked out on the street and people stopped me, I'd hate it," she says. In New York she never mentioned the lack of tournament coverage in that paper of record, *The New York Times*, nor bemoaned all the years women couldn't make a living from squash. Her only complaint was, "Geoff should have been named Australian Sportsman of the Year. He's world champion, he should have it."

What Heather neglected to mention was that she has already received the honor. **END**

No heels in the Achilles

Union College didn't have a team, a schedule or even any ice when Coach Ned Harkness arrived, but now it battles the best on even terms in the Achilles Arena

Two years ago, when Dr. Thomas N. Bonner, the 53-year-old president of Union College (enrollment 2,152) in Schenectady, N.Y., offered Ned Harkness the job as Union's hockey coach, Bonner confessed that the position had a number of drawbacks. For one, the school didn't have an ice rink. Also, there was no team—not a single player. And there was no schedule—not a single opponent. Union College, in fact, hadn't played hockey since 1939, the year when an early thaw melted the team's pond and all home games had to be canceled.

Harkness had to laugh. He had heard the same thing before. His first coaching job, as an unemployed bombardier out of the RCAF in 1945, was at RPI, the small engineering college in Troy, N.Y., just a few slip shots north of Albany. He started the hockey program from zero, and in 14 seasons his RPI teams had a 187-90-7 record. In 1954, using just 10 skaters, RPI won the NCAA championship.

Harkness had heard the same thing again in 1963, when he moved on to Cornell, where hockey was looked upon as an upgraded club sport. In his seven years at Ithaca, Harkness' teams had 163 victories against just 27 losses and two ties.

National champion Cornell's 29-0 record in 1970 still stands as the greatest single season in college hockey history. Combine that with the three previous seasons and the total isn't too bad, either: 110-5-1, plus four Ivy League titles, four ECAC championships and two NCAA championships.

"Well, sir," Harkness growled to Dr. Bonner, "under the circumstances I don't think I can promise a national championship the first year. But if you can wait a few years... when do I start?"

Union College, the oldest non-denominational college in the country, is situated on 100 picturesque acres sprawled across a slight rise overlooking the older section of Schenectady. In its 179-year history it has turned out one President of the United States, Chester A. Arthur (class of 1848)—two if you count the months Jimmy Carter spent there in a naval V-8 program during World War II—16 U.S. Senators, 13 governors and 102 college presidents.

Into this bastion of athletic dormancy arrived Harkness, a broken-nosed warrior invading an ancient world of wisdom. A soft word here, a barked command there, bustling, building, seemingly

tireless at the age of 55, Harkness, once labeled the Poison Ivy of the Ivy League, broke ground for the building of his third dynasty in April 1975. When he wasn't overseeing the construction of the \$1.5 million rink—a gift to Union by H. Laurence Achilles, a 90-year-old professor emeritus of religious education—he was charming local businessmen into sponsoring such necessities as 3,000 seats, a scoreboard, a carpeted and stereoed locker room that would be welcome in the NHL, and a modest press box. "If you can't go first class," says Harkness, "don't make the trip."

At the same time, Harkness scheduled 24 varsity games for the 1975-76 season. But he still needed one more thing: "Let's get a team," he growled at his three main scouts. John Carroll, a young Boston restaurateur who played under Harkness at Cornell, Toronto fireman Billy Purcell, and Bobby Brinkworth, a Detroit computer salesman who played for Harkness at RPI. Harkness always grows, even when he is happy. It's the price his vocal cords have paid for a half-century of bristling competitiveness.

"The first thing I had to do was tell prospects where Union is," says Carroll. "But when I mentioned Harkness, the school could have been on Mars. They all just wanted to play for him."

Typical of those who applied was Denis Gazzola, a 6' 2", 211-pound right wing who was voted the most valuable hockey player and the finest all-round athlete at his high school in Thorold, Ontario. "I was all set to go to Cornell and it would have cost me a lot less money," Gazzola

continued



Harkness' go-to approach to coaching was mocked by the NHL pros, but the same tactics are helping him build his third collegiate dynasty

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We taste-tested MERIT 100's against some of the toughest competition we could find: higher tar 100mm cigarettes. Here are the results.

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New 12 mg. tar MERIT



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100's were taste-tested against a number of major 100mm brands ranging from 17 mg. to 19 mg. tar.

Thousands of smokers were tested. The results: *overall they liked the taste*

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MERIT and MERIT MENTHOL. King Size and new 100's.

The taste barrier for low tar smoking has been broken again.

MERIT 100's

says. "Tuition is less at Cornell and they offered me more of a scholarship. But then I got this letter from Union. Union? I thought: What is that? But I knew this guy at home, Dan Lodbo, who was an All-America for Harkness at Cornell. He told me: wherever Ned goes, if he wants you, you go. If he goes west, you go west. If he goes south, you go south."

Harkness said come to Union, and Gazzola came.

Harkness himself was no stranger to the Union campus. Born in Ottawa, he spent much of his childhood in Glens Falls, N.Y., where his father, Pop Harkness, ran a plumbing and construction business and commuted 40 miles south to Schenectady, where he coached hockey and lacrosse at Union. Pop Harkness is in the Hall of Fame of both hockey (U.S.) and lacrosse (Canada); son Ned also coached lacrosse at both RPI and Cornell.

"From a little boy I grew up on this campus," Ned says. "In 1929 I watched Union win its only national championship. In lacrosse. Dad was the coach. My brother Bill went to school here. I guess it is fitting that I ended up here."

Looking back, Harkness is glad he left the college scene for five years to join the Detroit Red Wings: he coached the club briefly, then moved upstairs as general manager. The pros refused to buy his work ethic and in the end prompted Harkness to quit. "I made a lot of close friends in Detroit, people who are still close to me now," he says. "I learned a great deal. And the contacts have been unbelievable. But I think now that no coach, no owner, no general manager can control his destiny in the pros. The players are excellent athletes. But the player associations take over. Motivation is gone and money takes over. If you like being a puppet, great. Not me. If I am going to be blamed for a decision, I want it to be my decision."

"The Detroit experience has made me appreciate being a college coach more. Here at Union I'm close to my kids. I control my own destiny. I can mold kids and do things for them, and down the road I'll know I played a very important part in a kid's life. I kind of bask in their glory, in their accomplishments when they leave college. You can't pay your bills with that, but can you think of anything more wonderful?"

Harkness has prepared his Union teams well. He is a demanding drillmas-

ter with only one criterion: perfection. Well acquainted with the fruits of mankind, he begrudgingly will settle for superb conditioning, precision teamwork, stunning stickhandling, bruising defensive play, a lightning attack and 60 minutes of overall excellence. A 6-1 victory sloppily won means a long and hard practice the following day.

Harkness unleashed his industrious freshmen a year ago. Union opened with a 14-4 victory over Cortland and romped through a 21-1 season, losing only to Merrimack, 5-1. Led by Kap Churchill, who had 26 goals and 36 assists for 62 points, Union outscored its opposition 177 to 59. Then Army reminded the Dutchmen how young they really were, defeating Union 3-2 in the opening round of the Division II playoffs.

As the school year ended, Harkness was content. "Not too bad a record," he said.

"Only two losses," said Bob Fusco, Union's sports information director, who, when the recording system breaks down, has been known to wing *The Star-Spangled Banner* before a game.

"Not that," said Harkness. "Their grades."

Of a possible 4.0, the team finished with a cumulative 2.61 grade average. Nine players made the dean's list. Leading them all was Grant Judge—the second highest scorer behind Churchill—who had a 3.67 average in engineering. Athletes can't hide at Union. There are no crap courses, no basket-weaving majors.

"I know a lot of people at the school were afraid I had imported a bunch of goons," says Harkness. "At first they looked at them like they expected to see horns growing out of their heads. Never has any team had so much pressure."

Strengthened by seven freshmen, Union began this season with a 3-2 overtime victory over Northeastern, a strong Division I team. Harkness hopes to be playing in Division I soon, and that is where this gifted team belongs, but for the moment he has run into strong opposition on the Union campus. There are fears that a big-time athletic team would give Union the reputation of being a jock school.

Union swept through its first six rivals by a combined score of 60-12, including a 6-3 victory over Ohio State, then the Division I Central leader, in the opening round of Union's first holiday

tournament. In Achilles Arena that night were nine pros, many of whom admitted it was their first trip to a Division II school. Mostly they had come to watch Steve Baker, Union's 6'3", 200-pound goalie from Braintree, Mass. According to the scouts, Baker probably will be the first goalie selected in the NHL's amateur draft this year. Harkness always seems to find quality goaltenders. At Cornell, he won NCAA championships with Ken Dryden, now Montreal's top goaltender, and Dave Elenbaas, Montreal's top minor league goalie.

A sociology major, Baker handles the scouts the same way he handles enemy shots—coolly. "I'm really flattered, but I have two years of school left," he says. "As a team we have set a lot of goals. And I've got my own goals. I just feel fortunate that I can play for Ned and with this team. Ned is such an incredible man. He makes you a winner both on the ice and in life."

Following a 5-5 tie with Western Ontario in the tournament final, the Dutchmen got a bit of a comeuppance. Between easy victories, they lost two road games, by 5-4 to Buffalo and 9-3 to Clarkson, ranked No. 1 in the East and No. 2 in the nation at the time.

"We really played well against Clarkson, a heck of a lot better than the score shows," Harkness says. "We weren't any better than they were, but I think we are just as good. It was a lot of little breaks, and the crowd. The home crowd really gave Clarkson a tremendous lift. I just wish there was some way we could get them at Union." Unable to get Clarkson at Achilles Arena, Union had to settle for the University of New Hampshire last Friday night. UNH had displaced Clarkson as No. 1 in the East and No. 2 in the nation, and had lost only two Division I games all year as it faced off against Harkness' squad. A standing-room-only crowd of 3,400 braved a blizzard and sub-zero temperatures to see the game, and it was never close. In one of the most-shocking upsets since RPI's win in the 1954 NCAA championship, Union stunned UNH 8-4 as Forward Don Marshall scored three goals.

Union doesn't lose many at home. In fact, the Dutchmen don't lose many anywhere. In their brief history, they have won 32, lost five, and tied one, and they have outscored their opponents 303-109. And just think, in two years most of Harkness' guys will be seniors.



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ment path that made the Beetle last almost four decades. Using that system, the Rabbit may be the world's first perfect car in just a few short years." Last year alone, we made 17 major changes and improvements toward making our '77 Rabbit even more perfect.

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Rabbit 

One of the new generation Volkswagens

Antonio Carlos Ferreira Lopes (pronounced Lopez), 39, one of Brazil's premier soccer coaches, trotted around an AstroTurf practice field at Berkeley one recent afternoon, leading the University of California squad through a typical South American warmup drill that resembled some kind of flap-armed double-time U.S. Army exercise. Coming up beside one of the tall, blond, healthy, gently awkward and unabashedly American college players, Lopes began performing a flowing samba of movements to the beat of an imaginary drum. The boy's face tightened in skeptical disbelief as Lopes gestured to him to join in the dance. And that, according to Lopes and some of his fellow world-class coaches from the land that gave you both Pelé and the coffee price hike, is exactly the problem with the U.S. soccer movement, from the 8-year-olds in the youth leagues through the college ranks.

"They lack rhythm," complained Lopes in his daily improving English. "These boys are big and tough and smart, but they do not have the grace, the touch, the tick-tick-tick of good soccer. But it will come. We have been doing this for 50 years in Brazil, and now we are giving it to you." He gestured, as if handing over an imaginary present, and a grin split his wide, expressive face.

Lopes and 20 of his fellow coaches were in this country participating in a two-week series of intensive soccer clinics, visiting in pairs such soccer hot spots as St. Louis, Washington, Philadelphia and the San Francisco Bay Area. The program has been blessed by the powerful CBD—the Brazilian Sports Confederation—and coordinated by Partners of the Americas, a non-profit volunteer service organization based in Washington, which arranges cultural, economic, medical and agricultural exchanges between South America and the U.S. as well as providing sports programs.

In one sense, the presence of so many high-powered Brazilian coaches constitutes a classic case of technical overkill, the equivalent of our sending John Madden, Bud Grant, Tom Landry, Don Shula and half a dozen other top NFL coaches to Brazil to teach football in the Papi Warner League.

Take Lopes, for instance. He has coached several Brazilian first-division teams, including the country's most popular side, Flamengo of Rio de Janeiro. He teaches soccer and physical education



Gildo Rodrigues and other Brazilian coaches give a crash course in the U.S.

Instilling tick-tick

at a university, a high school and an elementary school. When he says something about soccer it makes headlines across the country, and his salary would put several NFL coaches in an economy class.

Yet there he was last week in California, patiently explaining to American kids something every Brazilian boy of six knows: "To stop the ball dead, you don't put your foot down hard right on top of it. You do it lightly, and a little bit to the rear. That way you don't get unbalanced."

Across the field was Gildo Rodrigues, 37, a slender man with a Zapata mus-

tache, who coached Rio's Otaria Athletic Club to first-division status, knocking off Pelé's former team, Santos, in the process. Rodrigues ran lightly, practicing simple dribbling with the collegians, gently correcting. In all, the Partners of the Americas estimate that some 200,000 youthful Americans saw these coaches personally, or were influenced by them through the clinics the Brazilians ran for soccer coaches.

Standing on the sideline, watching with keen interest, was Julius Menendez, the 1976 U.S. Olympic soccer coach. "The clinics are the key to this exchange," he said. "The fundamentals of the game must be taught to kids early on, and by reliable, well-trained people. Otherwise you get another Little League, with a lot of hysterical parents. If we are ever going to fill the North American Soccer League with American kids instead of players imported from England and South America, then we must reach them very young. If a kid hasn't seen a soccer ball by the time he's 10, he's just going to stand there like an iron deer on the front lawn."

Lopes and Rodrigues have a program they believe will work here and eventually enable their jaggerdilly northern neighbor to become a serious competitor at the international level.

"The little ones, six to 11, let them just play!" said Rodrigues, sweeping his arms around as if giving away free World Cup tickets. "They don't need rules or even techniques. They need a ball, a goal and they must play every day. It is the world's greatest game, a true pleasure. Let them enjoy it before they grow up and get serious."

"From 11 to 16 is the time to teach rules and fundamentals. Serious coaching, but always playing. Just the way American boys learn basketball: dribble, set, shoot. Games every day after school on the playground, that is the way kids learn soccer, too. Over and over and over. Above 16 is the time for tactical talk and strategy; only then does the coach bring out the chalkboard."

Rodrigues and Lopes became very suspicious of the American coaches' penchant for the chalk-talk. "We were giving a clinic at Santa Clara a few days ago, and there was a coach using a blackboard with a team of young girls," said Rodrigues. "Oh my, the board was covered with dotted lines and arrows and circles and Xs and numbers. I didn't even

know what it was. Too much of that is no good. Just play."

Of the hundreds of youth soccer coaches in the U.S., most have played or been trained in either the English or the European style of soccer, which stress an aggressive, physical and team-play concept, clearly different from the Brazilian and South American style where the emphasis is on individuality, rhythm, grace and short-passing brilliance.

And so the Brazilian coaches, like a warm breeze from Ipanema, advocated the system—or lack of it—that produced a Pelé. "I think the kids are getting confused by this," said Rodrigues. "I see them looking over at their coaches to see if it is all right for them to abandon for a moment all their serious training."

At a youth session in suburban Piedmont, a fashionable community of big homes and gleaming Mercedeses, Rodrigues' face lit with delight when he observed an 8-year-old, redheaded, freckle-faced boy moving the ball with a sure—if rough—touch down the field. He ran to embrace the lad. "You are American?" he asked.

"Yep," said the kid, "but my mom and dad are Scottish." This sent the emotional Brazilian into a tailspin. "Oh, I didn't know," he said. "He's Scottish, and they are great soccer players. Maybe soccer is in the blood. Perhaps one can't learn the game. Maybe America will never have great soccer!"

Lopes, on the other hand, was cautiously optimistic. "One must think here of the politics," he said, referring to the fact that U.S. businesses with South American interests, such as Coca-Cola, have helped fund the exchange operation. "We are here really for the betterment of soccer. We are here to say to Coca-Cola, 'See, the great Brazilian soccer coaches believe in the U.S. development of the game. Keep putting your money into it. It is valuable, and both soccer and you will reap the benefits.'"

In the meantime, as Rodrigues said, "There is joy," and after a hard day teaching on the soccer fields, Lopes and Rodrigues took off for Sneaky Pete's, a San Francisco disco, to samba and bossa nova until the early hours, carrying with them the rhythm and grace of Brazilian soccer. Promising to return next year, Rodrigues said, "Someday I dream that the U.S. and Brazil could meet in a World Cup game. That would be a great joy. I will hold that thought."

END

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No boo-boos for Boo Boo

That's what Coach Stick Leonard calls Don Buse, perhaps because he doesn't remember how to pronounce his name

In Boston, the public-address announcer had to ask Don Buse how to pronounce his name. In Milwaukee, a sportswriter burned out his typewriter criticizing the Bucks' guards for being victimized by a "nonentity" named Don Buse. In Atlanta, Lou Hudson, a 10-year veteran, said he had "never heard of him" before playing against Buse for the first time. New Orleans' Pete Maravich had "heard of him but never seen him." Presumably that held true the night Buse swiped the ball from Maravich four times.

Anonymity hardly bothers the Indiana Pacers' guard anymore. During his four years in the ABA, he was overshadowed by high-scoring teammates such as George McGinnis and Billy Knight. Last year, while setting ABA records in steals and assists (he had more of each than Stick Watts, who led the NBA in both categories) and playing more minutes than anyone else in basketball, Buse finally got to play in the ABA All-Star Game and made the All-ABA second team. But still no one seemed to have heard of him.

So now, halfway through his first season in the expanded NBA, Buse is neither surprised nor hurt that hardly anyone outside of Indianapolis seems to know who he is, much less how to pro-

nounce his name, although it does seem a bit strange when one considers that for most of the season he has led the NBA in minutes played, in steals and in assists—the latter two by such wide margins that, barring injury, he ought to run away with both titles. "Well, we haven't been on national TV yet," he says. "Don't know if we'll ever be."

Buse was certainly pleased to be an ABA All-Star last year, but the fact that he finished sixth among Western Conference guards in the fans' balloting for this year's NBA All-Star Game didn't faze him. In fact, he says, he prefers anonymity. It suits his game better. "What their wants to be well-known?" he says, smiling. "And by the way, it's 'Boozey.'"

He says the assists, 8.9 per game, come largely because he has the hot-shooting Knight to feed the ball to. "I had to adjust to the assist role," says Buse, who led the University of Evansville to the NCAA Division II championship as a junior. "In college and high school I was always the scorer. A lot of people compare me to Jerry Sloan, because we both went to Evansville, or they'll say I play defense like Jerry West maybe because I look kind of like him. But when I was in high school my idol was Cazzie Russell because he was always putting it up." The steals, 3.6 per game, just come naturally. "I'm not as quick as Watts or Walt Frazier," he says. "I steal with my hands. I do have exceptionally quick hands."

Buse may still be a nonentity to NBA fans and writers, but he is well known to coaches, and especially to general managers who dream of strong, young, 6' 4" guards who are smart, steady, confident, commanding, white and unselfish. Buse is all of these. His own general manager, Bob (Stick) Leonard, who is also the Pacers' coach, stifles a contented chuckle every time his phone rings and a fellow GM asks if he would consider dealing Buse. "Why, I just tell 'em no," he says. "Fast." Then Leonard counts his blessings and pats himself on the back for having bought the draft rights to Buse five years ago from the Virginia Squires—and for parting with the \$3,000 cash bonus that kept Buse from signing with Phoenix of the NBA.

This year Leonard rewarded Buse for his outstanding play by canceling the last two years of his \$50,000-per-year contract and giving him a new, four-year deal. Buse's annual salary is still well below six figures, which surely leaves him

continued



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as the lowest-paid regular starting guard in the NBA. But Buse, a 26-year-old bachelor from a poor, fatherless family of nine in the tiny southern Indiana dairy town of Holland, considers the sum downright generous. "I love him," says Leonard.

So, it seems, does just about everyone Buse comes in contact with: teammates, opponents, fans, folks from Evansville and Holland—all of whom find Buse a comfortable kind of guy to be around. Sipping a beer after a game, or entertaining working buddies who drop by the modest ranch-style house in an unpretentious section of Indianapolis, Buse will smile a lot and joke around in his country Hoosier twang. He'll talk about his racehorse, Scoot 'n Shoot, which came in at 23 to 1 a couple of weeks ago at Latonia, or about the summer softball game in which a team of Pacers upset a team of hockey players from the WHA Racers on three tape-measure Buse home runs, or about the time McGinnis tried to sell Buse his speedboat and the thing nearly sank.

Of course it is for the things he does on the court that Buse is most loved by Pacer fans, and he does far more than just generate impressive statistics. He is the total floor leader—"like perfect coach's player," Atlanta's Hubie Brown calls him. With the exception of Knight, the Pacers are a team of unknowns, and most NBA-oriented experts predicted they would have a pretty good shot at winding up at the very bottom of the league. Few who knew Knight are surprised to see that he is the league's third leading scorer with 26 points per game, but a lot of people were shocked to see the Pacers win in Philadelphia, Boston and Buffalo, run off six straight in early January, and remain thereafter around the 500 mark, several floors above the Midwest Division cellar. And this with a lineup of Wil Jones and Darnell Hillman at forwards, Dan Roundfield and Dave Robisch sharing the center spot, and the 6' 6" Knight, a natural forward, and Buse at guards.

"We do it this way," says Leonard. "We let Boo-Boo bring the ball up, post Bibby, and watch Boo-Boo pass it to him. Then we often get a basket."

Buse controls the ball 90% of the time, running what is really a one-guard, four-forward offense. He sets up on the point and waits for a man—usually Knight—to get open inside. Then Buse gets it

there. His passes are not as flashy as Tiny Archibald's, but lightning quick and deadly accurate. "It's because of Buse that I'm having a great year," says Knight. "I'll pass the ball in and he'll be bringing it upcourt and he'll ask me if there's anything special I want to run. I tell him I'll do a thing, then I do it and the ball comes right to me."

NBA guards who have not yet encountered Buse often drop off him and play the passing lanes. Buse's response is to pull up and shoot the jumper—which he hits with 44% accuracy for an average of 9 points a game. He did this three times in a row against Chicago's Norm Van Lier. "When he shoots like that he's really dangerous," says Van Lier, "because you can't cheat on him."

Yet on defense, Buse gets by just that way. He cheats. Or rather, he anticipates. Usually assigned to the passing guard, Buse studies his man's eyes and decides where he is going to pass. Often the two men make their next move simultaneously. Buse drops a step toward the passing lane, his quick hands flicking at exactly the right spot to make the steal, deflect the pass, or at least distract the passer. Sometimes, especially when the Pacers are behind, Buse will go for a steal at the wrong time—when his man is driving by him, for instance. Leonard would not mind this kind of mistake if the other Pacers played the kind of help-out defense that Buse does.

"Buse is a great team defensive player," Leonard says, "not a great individual defender. He is as consistent a player as I've ever seen. How we do usually just depends on how the other players do around him. Shoot, I don't even have to have him come to practice."

This is how consistent Buse is: in the Pacers' first 48 games, he made fewer than six assists only seven times, against Boston last week he had a career-high 17. He failed to make at least one steal only twice, and he made four or more in 25 games. In a home win that stopped Cleveland's five-game winning streak in early December, Buse had 11 assists and eight steals. Some of the beaten Cavaliers grumbled that Buse's numbers were padded. Two weeks later at Cleveland, the numbers were nine assists, six steals and two blocked shots. He had 15 points, 11 assists and six steals at Denver. At Philadelphia in November, 19 points, 11 assists and three steals in a big 123-117 win. The 76ers were floundering and in

search of a strong floor leader at the time. An Indianapolis reporter asked McGinnis how he thought his old Pacer teammate would fit in with the talent-laden Sixers. "If we had Buse, we'd win 70 games," said Big George.

Leonard was thus not surprised a short time later when he received a phone call from Philadelphia General Manager Pat Williams, who had apparently been talking to McGinnis. "Can we talk about Buse?" he asked Leonard. "Not unless you want to give us George Buck and Dr. J, too," said Leonard. End of conversation.

After Buse's 13-assist, four-steal performance—plus 39 points from Knight—had beaten Chicago, Sloan, now a Bulls assistant coach, was talking about Buse. "I can't tell you how badly I wanted the Bulls to draft him out of Evansville," he said. "I followed his career there. He lived with the same family that I had lived with. He was a better player than I was in college, and he's a better player right now than I was. He's a superb ball handler. He's unselfish. His game is helping other people, and there are a lot of teams—21 of them, in fact—that are starving for a player like that."

Before the 1972 NBA player draft, Sloan urged Coach Dick Motta and the Bulls' general manager at the time—ironically it was Pat Williams—to grab Buse. In the third round of the draft, the Bulls were next to pick when Buse was claimed by Phoenix on the recommendation of Jerry Krause, a new addition to the Suns' organization who had scouted Buse—again ironically—for the Bulls. While a minor battle ensued between Phoenix, Virginia and, then, Indiana to sign him, Buse, as usual, was detached. "I didn't care whether I went ABA or NBA," he says. "I still owed \$2,500 on the Volkswagen I bought in college, my very first car, and I would have signed with anybody that offered me that much in bonus money so I could pay it off."

Let history show that for \$3,000 the Indiana Pacers signed a man who would become one of the most sought-after guards in the NBA. Buse drove the Volkswagen for just one season as a Pro, then moved up through a couple of Chevies to a Jeep, and now has a green Cadillac Coupe de Ville, which remains, among all his possessions, the only conspicuous symbol of affluence. "I know," he says a bit defensively. "Cadillacs are only for scorers, right?"

END

Ram Pro Tom Watson captures The Crosby National Pro-Am.

Winning the 36th Bing Crosby National Pro-Am golf tournament added \$40,000 to Ram professional Tom Watson's 1977 winnings. Ram congratulates Tom for another super showing by a member of the Ram Pro Staff and thanks him for his contribu-

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UGLY, PESTIFEROUS AND PREPOTENT



When the right combination of weather converged over the French countryside, 75 hunters—one an apprehensive American—and their pack of ragtag dogs sallied forth after the legendary wild boar, once solely royal game

by William Humphrey

We would go after them on the first fine Sunday—if we ever saw another one—following the rain. Essential conditions: a fair Sunday, following immediately upon a spell of bad weather. The bad weather we were having this winter—*parbleu!* Days indoors while the windowpanes streamed. Day after day as dark and dank as a cave. Days when you could part the fog with your hands. When you groped your way to the *boulangerie* for your daily bread, encountering in the Cimmerian gloom some bent old woman swathed in her widow's weeds. When, in a



short-lived lifting of the fog, the low, little half-timbered farmhouses appeared again in the nearby fields like a fleet of fishing boats anchored in port, afraid to venture beyond sound of the church's muffled bells. Our first condition was being met. *Bon!* For our purposes, the ground must be soft, muddy. We must be able to track our quarry to their lair. They travel in droves, and they range widely—here one day, miles away the next. Unless their signs have been freshly sighted and they are known to be in a certain covert, then you are wasting your time hunting them.

Droves? Wild boars in droves? Could this be? When I, in a novel

continued



set in East Texas, had required one for a character to kill, I had had to import the boar from over the line in Louisiana. But here in the Sologne, a district of France less than a hundred miles due south of Paris, they have them in droves. They have got entirely too many of them, more than they want, more than they know what to do with. Here they are a nuisance, a pest, a varmint. For this is a region of grain farming (especially corn), truck gardening and plant nurseries, and the wild boars, the *sangliers*, are voracious, omnivorous and prolific. It is impossible to deplete their numbers; impossible, except around small plots, to fence strongly enough to keep the brutes out.

The Sologne has long been the hunting center of France. Game of all kinds abounds here. You lose count of the pheasants in the roadside fields after driving for a quarter of an hour. Game may legally be sold in this country, and outside the shops at this, the open, season hang mallards, partridges, rabbits and hares, deer and roebuck. It is not cheap, but it is plentiful.

The area, always sparsely populated, went strongly Protestant in the religious wars, lost, of course, and was desolated. A marshy place, low-lying and flat, periodically flooded by its many rivers, it was then practically abandoned, shunned as savage and pestilential. Wild animals took it over. The nobility used it as their hunting grounds: it was good for little else. Not until Napoleon III was draining and reforestation undertaken. Odd, that penchant of dictators for glorifying themselves and currying favor by reclaiming swamps.

Now, though much of the district is still wild woodlands, still held as hunting preserves, much of it is cultivated—despite the poorness of the soil. This proximity of crops to coverts has increased the amount of game—especially those impudent, wily and gluttonous creatures, wild boars.

The long tradition of hunting, here in the valley between the rivers Loire and Cher, has produced attendant crafts, fine arts, history, legend and lore, much of it preserved in the Museum of the Hunt in nearby Gien. Gunmakers in towns along the Loire still turn out fine shotguns by hand—lock, stock and barrel—with side-by-side double-barrels (that lost art in America) and with, if you prefer, the hammers on the outside in the old fashion; these will cost you not less but rather more. Hunting horns are still made, the making of the great ones for the stag hunt being a skill

passed down from father to son. The tubes for these are hand-drawn, hand-curved, the bells hand-hammered, the whole thing gold-plated, chased in silver with scenes of the hunt; the finished product is a piece of jewelry, and costs accordingly. The chipping of flints for flintlock fowling pieces and rifles was a local cottage industry lasting well into the age of photography. The museum in Gien has a photograph—circa 1875, I would guess—of a man and wife seated outside their door engaged in this work, along with a flintmaker's bench and hammers, and flints in various stages of completion. They would not have had to look far for flint. The solid part of this part of the world is made of it.

Hunters come here, in season—mid-September to early January—from all parts of the country, for the French are a nation of hunters. Indeed, the parson saint of hunting was French. Saint Hubert. His devotees tend to overlook the fact that it was not because of his hunting that he was sainted. He gave up the sport when a stag he was after one day turned on him and said, "Hubert, how long are you going to keep this up? How long are you going to allow this mania to distract you from the care of your soul?"

On weekends for the preceding month the banging of shotguns had been daylong right up to the village edge. The streets at noon were filled with men in hunting clothes and boots. They crowded the bars. They brought their dogs with them into the dining rooms, tied them to the table legs, ordered food to be served to them. In large parties, they got loud and boisterous and started dousing one another from the water and wine bottles. One glimpsed young blades in full formal hunt regalia: calf-length black frock coats with broad lapels, scarlet redingotes, frilled white shirts, riding breeches and tall gleaming boots that always look as though they are being worn for the first time, or as though the wearer has a manservant whose only duty is to tend them. These glorious gallants will be off to take part in Count Something-or-other's mounted hunt for the stag. The horses will be purebred coursers with lineages centuries long. There will be a head huntsman with one of those golden horns, resplendent in his uniform, a *vader-de-chiens* in charge of a pack of 80 or 90 staghounds. Stirrup cups in footless goblets of chased, precious metals inset with gemstones will be handed by uniformed servants to the hunters and the huntresses on their restless mounts.

Boar hunting, though done on foot, is party hunting,

too, unlike the upland game shooting going on in the fields around the edges of the village, which involves a solitary man or a group of two or three friends out with their brace of dogs. Indeed, much organization must go into a boar hunt—too much work to take chances, too many people to be needlessly disappointed. So conditions must be right. Until the day comes when they are, you must wait. In the meantime, you might remember what you know and have read about it, and, being a stranger, study up on how it is done here.

The combination of disgust, respect and fear that he inspires in man makes the wild boar the ideal game animal. "Of all quadrupeds," wrote Georges Buffon, France's premier naturalist, "the boar would seem to be the ugliest. His imperfections of form seem to affect his nature. All his habits are gross, all his tastes foul, all his feelings reduced to a furious lewdness and a brutish gluttony, which makes him devour indiscriminately anything put before him, even his own offspring at the moment of their birth. The coarseness of his pelt, the thickness of his hide, the density of his layer of fat, all make the animal insensitive to blows; one has seen mice living on their backs, gnawing their hides and their fat without their feeling it. But if they are obtuse in their sense of touch, and even more so in taste, their other senses are very sharp. Hunters are mindful that wild boars

see, hear and smell at long range, thus obliging them to stand and wait in silence through the night, and to place themselves downwind in order to keep their scent from reaching the animals, for it will carry a great distance to them, and always strongly enough to turn them aside."

In those places where the people have left long written, oral and pictorial records of themselves, the wild boar was the only game animal that would attack a man if provoked. Thus he became the test of prowess and bravery, the stuff of heroism, legend. One of the assignments given Hercules was the capture of a destructive wild boar, a feat to rank with 11 others describable only as Herculean. Meleager, son of a king, at whose birth the Fates themselves attended, killed the mighty Calydonian boar that had been ravaging the countryside. He presented the boar's head to Atalanta, the great huntress, who had wounded but failed to kill the animal. Meleager's uncles tried to rob Atalanta of her prize. He came to her defense and, in the ensuing fight, slew his uncles. Whereupon their sister, his mother, in a fit of anger, burned up a certain brand, an act that—it had been prophesied—would cause his death.

An enviable trophy, then—for all its ugliness, the coarseness of its habits. Ferocious and prepotent, and thus conferring upon its killer the same attributes. A beast with a bad disposition, so churlish and unamiable that its very name, in Latin, *singularium*, means "the one who lives by

continued



himself," or, as we might say, "the loner," and who must be sought in the deepest and most thickest part of the forest. A dangerous animal, as Shakespeare wrote in *Venus and Adonis*:

"Whose tushes never sheath'd he whetsteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill
On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes like glow-worms shine when he doth fret:
His snout digs sepulchres wher'er he goes;
Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes his crooked tushes slay."

So Venus warns Adonis, who, indifferent and cold to the advances of the very goddess of love (a deficiency, or a superiority, fairly common among fictional hunters—Cooper's Leatherstocking, Faulkner's Ike McCaslin), goes off on his hunt for the wild boar, with direful consequences. Hunting has been known to do that: make celibates of its most ardent devotees, of either sex—witness Diana, chaste goddess of the chase; look how hard Atalanta made it for her suitors to win her in wedlock.

In the course of time, when heroes came to be born, not made, and a whole, self-declared, hereditary class of them sprang up, they reserved the wild boar hunt unto themselves as a proof of their innate superiority. One explanation for there being so many of the animals in present-day France may be that for as long as the country was a monarchy—and that was a weary long while—they were a protected species, protected, that is, against the common people: they were royal game. In the sanglier, that fabled creature, mythologized, versified, painted, sculpted, the French nobility found a quarry worthy of them and decreed that they alone were worthy of it. Not for the commonalty, because to challenge one was a test of bravery and manliness, which, of course, you did not have unless you had it in the blood. The peasants might complain that the animals were devouring their crops, but to the nobility, who were devouring the peasants, those complaints were immaterial so long as they themselves had their sport.

As late as 1818, the wild boar was still *gibier royal*. That year, the young Alexandre Dumas was taken on his first boar hunt. Not a drop of blue blood in Dumas, of course, but by that time notice had been served by the people of France that they would not always remain fodder for pigs, biped or quadruped. So, when the Duke of Orleans' neighbors complained of the depredation of their crops by those pernicious and protected beasts, the sangliers that his grace's forests harbored, and petitioned him to have his gamekeepers exterminate them to the last one, he acceded. The duke's head gamekeeper was Dumas' friend; thus it was that he was privileged to hunt the royal game. In the Fifth Republic, there are still some privately owned hunting preserves of royal dimensions where boars make their lairs, and around those are small farms where crops are grown for a living. Between these two divisions of landowners the clash of interest arising over the wild boar continues to

this day. For farmers, there is never a closed season on them now, and in France any man, properly licensed, may carry a gun; but along the edges of the woods where the boars have repaired to digest the corn, which they glutted on in the night, the angry farmer may find signs on every other tree saying "*Propriété privée. Accès interdit.*"

In the interest of détente, some of the owners of large preserves now permit boar hunts on their land. That very word, détente, is used in a pamphlet put out by an association of parish priests here some years ago in an effort to air, and to settle, some of the local tensions growing out of hunting, such as resentment by the gamekeepers over their wages and working conditions, hunters' fears for their safety, protests by anti-blood-sports groups—and the frustrations of the farmers. Some of the owners of the preserves welcome the hunts. For, in these difficult, late years, a number of them have cleared more of their land—though there remain forests that are truly vast—and planted it to money-making crops. As regards the wild boar, now legally classed an animal nuisable (a noxious animal), the owners, too, have begun to feel that there can be too much of a good thing. They are ready to provide the services of their own gamekeepers in the democratic control of these destructive creatures. We have come a long way from the days of the *gibier royal*.

One Saturday morning in mid-December the church bells that woke us every day had a different ring, a higher pitch, a quicker tempo. They did not sound, as they had for weeks, like the slow, muffled tolling of a buoy bell in a fog, but like bells pealing for a holiday. I threw open the shutters to find that the world had reappeared. It was like sighting land after crossing the ocean in a ship. The skies, long so low overhead and so heavy they made you stoop, had lifted high over this broad, flat land. The thin, slightly crooked spire of the church had reasserted, if not righted, itself in its place. The garden plots behind the houses steamed. From the village, where for weeks all had been so silent, came stirrings of life. There was the noise of traffic on the roads. The first shots from the rabbit hunters went off somewhere close by. The phone rang. It was the call I had been waiting for. The weather looked fair to hold through tomorrow, the *gardes-chasse* on two estates had reported finding fresh signs: tracks, rootings, wallows. The call was going out over the wires like the starting blast from the huntsman's horn—*à la chasse!*

It was Monsieur Hatté (pronounced Ott) whom the gamekeepers called to report their findings, for in and around Souvigny-en-Sologne he is the master of the boar hunt. As will presently be seen, this kind of hunting requires someone firmly in command, and M. Hatté is something of a disciplinarian, for he knows well, having been gored and having twice been shot, once in the head, what can happen when things are allowed to get out of hand. M. Hatté is also a farmer, and farmers are natural enemies of wild boars. Just the week before, M. Hatté had gone out one morning to harvest a field of corn, and found that over-

continued

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night it had been razed by a drove of the beasts. Instead of going hunting he ought, in fact, to be spending this fine day on his tractor, and indeed, he would have to pay for taking the day off by spending the night on it. Never mind. It was worth it, and not just because he was out to destroy some number of his old enemy—whom he loves—but for the passion of the chase.

Our hunt was a far cry from the days when the wild boar was game for the aristocracy only. On ours there was *égalité* and *fraternité*—*liberté* being the understood prerequisite of the two. Along with a Parisian-looking gentleman addressed as "Docteur" were the village grocer, farmers, farmhands, landowners, a road mender, me—not only not to the *manoir* born, but a foreigner. Old companions of the hunt who had not seen one another for a long time, and people who had never seen you before—certainly not me—stuck out their hands for a shake, that rather limp French handshake. Nothing exclusive about it; by the time all were assembled there were 75 of us. M. Hatte had been right about wasting the time of a great many people unless you had an idea where the game was.

There would be two hunts today, on two separate domains, and they would be conducted differently. On this first one, we would each be assigned a stand, and the gamekeepers, along with some volunteers from our numbers, would be the beaters. The four gamekeepers were in uniform: green corduroy breeches tucked into rubber boots; corduroy jackets with a huntsman's horn embroidered on their lapels in gold; on their caps, the same emblem repeated. Each hunter was to keep closely to the stand assigned to him.

In Buffon I had read, "Since the boar flees but slowly, deposits a strong scent, and since he defends himself against the dogs and often wounds them dangerously, it is not necessary to hunt him with fine hounds meant for the stag or roebuck." Indeed, says Buffon, running a dog on boars spoils him for anything else. The scent he follows is so rank it ruins his nose, and he gets accustomed to hunting slowly. A few curs are all that are needed to hunt boars, Buffon says. Pretty lowly labor is his implication.

Even so, I was not prepared for my first sight of our ragtag-and-bobtail pack of eight. Underbred in every line, they appeared to be unadoptables from the SPCA. One mutt looked as if he had picked his separate features from as many ascans: pug nose, short ears, long tail, nondescript castoff-looking coat. Another looked like the last representative of a once presentable family of hounds after generations of misalliances and some matings of too close consanguinity. All were undersized. But they had a certain air. A certain shabby insouciance. Rather raffish. They seemed to say, "We know we're a sorry sight to see. That our work is that which everybody else is too good for. Our noses are not fine and we're not fast on our feet. But you've got a dirty job to do; here we are to do it." For me, it was precisely their ruttiness that was impressive. They might lack breeding and polish, but to be no bigger than that and yet to bring to bay and stand and fight a wild boar, and then go back to do it again another

day, they had to have something in them that many of their *soi-disant* betters of my acquaintance had been lacking.

Although M. Hatte called for volunteers—and there was no lack of them—to assist the gamekeepers as beaters, he chose deliberately the men he wanted, telling others who were importunate, to their faces, that they were amateurs. The danger to which the beaters are exposed comes not so much from the boars, though an old one, one with tusks, when wounded and cornered, can be ferocious, charging through the dogs to attack the man. The greater danger is from themselves, from the guns of inexperienced hands in the melee and excitement of the battue, the confrontation when the boar turns, stands and fights the dogs. The closeness of the battle, with men firing buckshot from 12-gauge shotguns—there is where the danger lies.

We were ready.

Looking rather like a mob of vigilantes, gun barrels bristling in each of 20-odd cars, we sped to our hunting area. So huge was this holding—the property of one of the richest men in France—that, without once leaving it or ever seeing any of its boundaries, we were 15 minutes getting there. The roads we traveled, crossed, turned onto, all sliced straight through the woods without a crook. They parceled the domain into innumerable perfect squares. Seen from above, it must have looked like a tiled floor. Incongruous—the wild woods, precisely squared by the neat, level roads.

Along three sides of one of these large squares our numbers were deployed, stationed some 50 yards apart. At that range, buckshot could wound but not very likely kill a man, I reckoned. This kind of hunting, with all its regulations, regimentation, its sheer number of men, was more military than any known to me. We stood facing the woods, awaiting the bugle call and the onrush of the enemy like a line of militiamen prepared to resist an attack.

Everyone else was alone, on his own, but I, being new, was assigned a partner, the village grocer. Not a word of English could he speak, and he had been told—we all had—not to speak at all. He first broke the rule to observe how futile it was for us in our position to keep silent; we would see no action here, for we had the wind at our backs. Now he asked, "Is it like this in your country?" Unlettered in English though he was, he might have been reading my mind, for I was thinking how very different from mine this country was. The ground, where bare, was blond as a beach—finely ground flint and coarse pale sand, the deposit of the ages from the Loire and its many tributaries, inexhaustible rivers of sand in their periodic floods. Heather, bracken fern and gorse, plants indifferent to their soil, which can thrive on nothing, were rife. Stunted, gnarled little starveling trees, leafless now and unidentifiable, so covered with lichen they looked moldy. Ground-growing juniper. Paper birches. Then the woods. To one side, a pine plantation, the trees uniform in shape, height and girth, spaced to the centimeter, in ranks as straight as squadrons standing in inspection. Off to the other side, a hardwood forest, huge, ancient, acorn-bearing oaks, burdened with mistletoe in bunches that looked like evergreen nests of some large species of bird; lofty chestnuts, gone from my country, victims

continued

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BOAR HUNT

continued

of the blight, before-I was born. Their burs littered the ground in this season, and on these and the acorns the wild boars grow fat and nutty-tasting.

From deep in the woods, far to our left, came the sound of the horn blowing the *lancer*, the call that signals the unleashing of the dogs, the start of the hunt. It silenced us. It put an end to thought. It stiffened and strained to attention every man along the line.

Our section was about midway in our side of the square, quite distant from the hunt's starting point, and so for a long time—it must have been almost an hour—we listened to the progress, the slow approach of the chase through the woods. Repeatedly the keepers blew their horns to urge the dogs on. The beaters shouted constantly at them, "Chasse! Chasse! Chasse!" Whenever they found the scent, the hounds bayed, the dogs barked frenziedly. Next we heard blown on the horn another, different call, louder and more urgent. It was rather like the call of a bugle in battle, sounding the advance, the charge. Then down the line ran a sequence of shots as the boar ran the gamut, seeking an out from the trap in which it was caught. For that particular call upon the hunting horn there is a word in French. The word is *haffali* (the *h* is silent), and it denotes both the call itself and the event that the call announces. It means "to be in on the kill."

Now the hunt was in our sector. The keepers and the corps of beaters came into view. "Chasse! Chasse!" they cried, and the horns sounded a tattoo. The dogs were on a trail, barking, baying. Our men tensed. We heard crashings in the dry, dead bracken, which made the hunters visible along our line lean forward, each taking his cue from the one on his left, and mise and ready their guns. The dogs came our way, veered, and the chase swept past. Again and again we heard the shots and the trumpeting of the *haffali*, and each time the faces of the men near me showed that in imagination, in memory, they were there, "in on the kill." But along our section of the line, no shot had been fired when, an hour later, the horn sounded the call signaling the end of the hunt.

"A great economy of cartridges," commented the village grocer, making a moue.

Eight dead boars lay thrown together on the ground in the courtyard of the farm, our assembly point. Wine bottles appeared—delicious, dry, white Sancerre. The boars ranged in color from ginger to chestnut to near-black, as they ranged upward in size. The males had been castrated. This is done because the odor from the testicles is so strong that, unless they are removed, a few hours are enough to spoil the meat of the whole carcass.

Not only in temperament, but also in almost all aspects of its appearance, the wild boar bears only a distant resemblance to the domestic pig. It has tall, powerful shoulders. It is short and compact in body. Its hams are long and lean. Its legs are short, its hooves delicate. Its snout is long, the muzzle dark and calloused from its constant rooting. But the most striking difference is its pelt. Next to its hide grows a thick fuzzy fur, from out of this fur grow bristles as long as seven or eight inches. They grow abundantly, from snout to tail. It is a shaggy beast. Buffon was right—not a pretty creature. But, even in death, one to respect.

We drove 15 miles to the site of our second hunt. This was on higher ground, in wider country, with roads less well tended. Ours shortly became impassable. The cars were left alongside it and we took to our feet. We had now lost some few of our number—people anxious to beat the traffic jams on the road back to Paris—but we were still a good 60 strong. It was getting late, the light fading fast. "Dépêchez-vous, messieurs! Dépêchez-vous!" M. Hatté urged, as we hiked to our starting place.

No dogs, no gamekeepers on this hunt. No beaters. Or rather, more beaters than before. On this one, we—one half our number—were to be our own beaters, driving the game toward the other half, in wait for them, as all of us had been on our first hunt. And in order that I might experience both aspects of the *chasse à sanglier*, I would be one of the beaters.

Now I began to wonder if I really wanted to take part in this, for I was unarmed, and had been from the start. I was there strictly as a spectator. A pity that I was not allowed to carry a gun, but, because application must be made

months in advance for all the many permits required, the liability insurance, etc., etc., it is far too complicated for an alien to hunt in France. Now, standing in my spot on the road at the woods' edge, one of a long line of men awaiting our marching orders, the only one of them without a gun, I began to have visions of the hunter on one side or the other of me wounding but not killing—just enraging—one of those big old fellows with the curved and whetted tusks.

"En avant!" Down the line came the word, and bursting into a din of shouts, calls and grunts, the column of men entered the woods.

From M. Hatte, on my left, to me came this command: "Allez! Monsieur Enfile! Faites de bruit! Faites de bruit! Ce que vous voulez Parler à ses cochons! Faites de bruit en anglais!" I did as ordered. I made as much noise as anybody in the line—more, being unarmed. I was such an enthusiastic beater that I earned myself a rebuke from the hunter on my right: "Vous, a gauche, ralentissez!" he yelled at me. I was getting ahead of the line, and maybe thereby flushing the game before guns had come up within range of it. Meanwhile, I talked to those pigs in three tongues—theirs, my own and that of my companions. "Allez-la! Allez-la!" I yelled in French as good as the best of them. "Pig! Pig! Pig! Uh, pig! Uh! Uh! Uh! Show your dirty snouts, you valets cochons, you!"

I came upon a wallow so fresh the tracks were filling with water as M. Hatte and I bent over them. Big ones and little ones—a drove of half a dozen at least—there just moments before us.

Down the line went the command to close ranks and to pass the order on: "Serrez à droite! Relayer la commande!"

We heard the fusillade to our right and the bugling of the horn. Between M. Hatte and me a roebuck flushed and bounded over the bracken.

Twice more before we emerged from the woods to rejoin our stationary companions we heard the fusillade and the sound of the halldah. Then as the last men came out into the dusk, there came from the woods the other traditional, long-drawn call on the horn that signals the conclusion of the hunt. "The hunter's adieu." Alfred Victor de Vigny has called it in a famous stanza of verse. It is impossible to hear that sound in that

continued



An expert tells you how to get back in shape!

Our files show that thousands of men want to get back in shape, but don't know how to go about it. We decided to ask an expert, Mike Fretault, leading fitness authority. Here are his answers.

Q. How can I get back in shape?

A. There is only one answer to that: get more exercise.

Q. What sports do the best?

A. Sure, sports are great, provided you practice a "complete" sport like jogging, swimming or rowing a few hours every week. Unfortunately, most men don't have the time or energy for that.

Q. How about calisthenics?

A. Also very good, but even a beginner's program should comprise at least 100 to 200 repetitions. Most men find calisthenics boring and boring and give up after a few workouts.

Q. Isn't there an easier way?

A. There is one outstanding home training method I use and recommend. It's fast, it's easy and it keeps you interested because during every workout you actually see your strength increasing on the built-in Powermeter gauge.

Q. What's it called?

A. Bullworker® training. It's based on isometric techniques which have been proven to increase strength three times faster than conventional methods.

Q. How long does it take?

A. The introductory "get back in shape" program requires only 70 seconds of exercise per day. The complete advanced training program takes about 5 minutes.

Q. What kind of results can I expect?

A. After 2 or 3 weeks of introductory training.

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most men can see an increase in strength of around 10% and measure an extra inch or two of muscle on their shoulders, chest, biceps—and as much or two less flesh around the waist.

Q. But it's hard work, isn't it?

A. Absolutely not. Most men between 35 and 45 in good general health can run through the full program without getting tired. Bullworker training is progressive so you perform better each time, yet the training always seems easy to you.

Q. What can I expect from continued training?

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Q. How can I find out more about Bullworker?

A. I suggest you write for the Free Booklet in color. It contains complete details about Bullworker training and tells you how you can try a Bullworker for two weeks in your own home without cost or obligation.

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BOAR HUNT

continued

spot at that hour and not be reminded of his lines:

*J'aime le son du Cor, le soir, au fond
des bois,
Soit qu'il chante les pleurs de la biche
aux abois,
Ou l'adieu du chasseur que l'écho
faible accueille
Et que le vent du nord porte de feuille
en feuille*

(I love the sound of the hunting horn, at day's end, deep in the woods, whichever its melody—that of the quarry brought to bay, or the hunter's farewell, gathered in a faint echo, and carried by the north wind from leaf to leaf.)

The following evening, at cocktail time, there came a knock on our door. M. Hatte was there. He carried, in a transparent plastic bag, a shaggy slab of sanglier—my share. For that is how it is done in these democratic days; to each man who assists in the hunt, a share of the meat. Mine was from one of the young ones, M. Hatte assured me, saying that the big old boars get so tough that only their heads are edible. He laid his package on the drawing-room table and accepted my offer of a drink.

It was M. Hatte's first meeting with my wife. The presentations concluded, we recounted the hunt, heard from him stories of others he had been in on in his time. I gathered much of the information I have here relayed. Meanwhile, the room—the whole house—was filling with an odor. It was not a stench, exactly; in fact, it was rather sweetish. But it was powerful. It was almost stifling.

M. Hatte declined a second drink—his tractor awaited him. The moment he was gone I fell to dressing the chunk of meat, resisting my wife's demand that it be thrown out—far out. I had my opportunity then to verify Buffon's statements about the coarseness of the sanglier's pelt and the thickness of its hide. You could have soled boots with it.

The pelt gone, the meat smelled clean. For seven days we aged it; for two days more we marinated it in red wine. We invited friends to share it, on the understanding that we had in readiness the makings of a quick substitute dinner. It was the best meat that any of us had ever tasted. It was, truly, gibier royal. **END**



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 24-30

[illegible]

BOATING—Defending champion JAMES SCHRON, MAKER of Miami won the Biscardi Cup race for Star Class yachts, defeating Carl Buchan of Seattle by four points, on Biscardi Bay.

BOWLING—HENRY GONZALEZ of Colorado Springs, Colo. won his first PBA title by defeating Norm Meyers of St. Louis 246-179 in the final of the \$80,000 Quaker State Open in Grand Prairie, Texas.

Boxing—ROBERTO DURAN of Panama knocked out Vilmar Fernandez of the Dominican Republic in the 13th round to retain his World lightweight title at Miami Beach.

YOKO LASHIKEN of Japan survived a third-round knockdown to retain her WBA junior flyweight championship on a 15-round split decision over Lamee Rios of Panama in Tokyo.

der in the \$180,000 Andy Williams/San Diego Open has secured through a record-setting tournament win.

HARNESS RACING—**BELLINO II** (driven by Jean René Gaudreault), won the \$200,000 Prix d'Amérique in Paris becoming the third miler to win the race three consecutive years. Bellino II covered the 174-mile distance in 3:27.5.

[illegible]

WHA. Houston finished up with 'Six 6's, 7 and 8 in a row and scored into the Western Division lead by first place. Los Angeles finished with a 5-5 record, tied for second place with a 3-4 overall record of the St. Louis, Quebec, now leading the Eastern Division by 13 points. Best in the playoffs 2-1 in overtime on Red 4 (Goal 1) 30th end of the season, then came back behind on "Max, Tank" and period for back for a 5-5 victory (all four goals made). The Nordiques also beat the Rangers 7-2. Brian Gage (retired) in first shoot over in a 3-0 victory over Winnipeg. It was one of three losses last week for the season for

MOTOR SPORTS—In the first NASCAR event of the year JERRY RUTCH won the Top Fuel division of the Winter nationals at Pomona, Calif., defeating Don Garlits in an elapsed time of 3.99 seconds (DON PRY (DODGE) driving a Plymouth Arrow defeated Raymond Beadle in the Funny Car division with a E.T. of 8.01 in 247.75 mph. LARRY LOMBARDO, in a Class Monza beat Don Nicholson in Pro Stock competition.

PLATFORM TENNIS—GORDON GRAY and DOUG BUSHILL defeated Steve and Chip Bond 7-6, 4-6, 6-1, 6-7, 6-4 to win the \$4,200 Uihana Champion-ship of Chicago.

BIOGRAPHY—HENRI DU VILLARD of France, won the \$25,000 World Figure Skating title at Mont Gabriel, Quebec, defeating Terry Palmer of the U.S. for the \$5,400 first prize.

TENNIS—DICK STOCKTON won the \$200,000 U.S. Pro Indoor Championships at Philadelphia by defeating Jimmy Connors 3-6, 6-4, 3-6, 6-1, 6-2 (page 28)

MARTINA NAVRATILOVA defeated her Berlin 6-0, 6-1 to win the \$100,000 Women's Pro Tournament in Broomfield, Mass.

TRACK & FIELD—ROSALYN BRYANT broke the women's 400-yard dash record of 55.8 set by Lorna Fordie two weeks earlier with a 55.5, clocking in New York's Madison Square. EARL BELL set a meet mark in the pole vault (18' 9") as did both TOM WOODS and DWIGHT STONES in the high jump (7' 4½"). Stoner winning on fewer misses (nine) [4].

NIALA O'SHAUGHNESSY of Ireland and the line variety of Arkansas, ran the second-fastest indoor mile at Irwindale in Columbus, Mo. finishing in 3:55.4 on the 220-yard track at Hearnes field house. Tony Wildrop set the world mark of 3:55.0 in 1974 on a 360-yard track (lane 14).

MILEPOSTS—NAMED: At head basketball coach of Marquette effective after the current season: HANK RAYMONDS. 92 Raymonds has been the assistant coach for 16 years. 17 of them with Al McGuire, who is leaving the school for good this year.

RETIRED: After three years as head basketball coach at Rice, BOB POPE, 62, effective at the end of the season. In his 27-year career, Pope has coached at Vanderbilt, Tulane and St. Louis University and has a career record of 153-240.

placekicking was for the Chicago Bears during the 1900s, of course in Chicago. Manzano is generally credited with a role in revolutionizing placekicking by introducing the dropkick for the placement method. In the 20s, he and the NFL in field goals four times and in punts, three times, before World War II.

CREDITS

4—Steve Ross 9—crawling 11—John & Bob 16 75—
Walker Jones 17—Lara Cooke 18 19—Lara Cooke
20—Ashley Jones 21 22—James Drake 22 23—Lara
Shawnt 24 25—Tony T. 26 27—John C. Zimmerman
28—Lara Drake 29 30—Tony T. 31 32—George
33—Lara Drake 34 35—Lara Drake 36—Lara Drake 37—
Mike & Phyllis 38—Lara Drake 39 40—Lara Drake

FACES IN THE CROWD



RUSTY BRANCH
(Italy 1991)

A 5-year-old on the Eastgate Golden Gators soccer team, Rusty scored 21 of his team's 30 goals this season and, as the team's backup goalie, helped the Gators, who won an under-10 division championship, rack up eight victories.



TRISH ERICKSON
CR, CMA, FA

A senior on the Oil City High School girls' basketball team, Treib led her squad to a 14-0 record and a sectional championship as she averaged 24.7 points per game. In one game the 5'7" forward scored 48 points and hit 20 of 24 shots.

ROD FITZ-RANDOLPH
E. F. 1901

An 18-year-old Gresham, Ore. Tennessee Tech Red scored 1,177 out of a possible 1,200 at the U.S. Open Sectional Target Shooting Championships in Cookeville, Tenn. to break the U.S. collegiate (1,171) and U.S. junior (1,170) records.



CLEVELAND LEWIS
Baltimore, Md.

A junior striker for Brandeis University, Lewis led his team to the NCAA Division III soccer championship. In a 3-2 semifinal victory, he scored two goals and an assist. In the finals against Brockport State, he scored both goals.

ERIC BOGGMAN
Michigan, U.S.A.

Eric, 13, was a member of the New York table tennis team that took the U.S. Open junior championship at Detroit and is the only player ever to win titles in the three U.S. Table Tennis Association divisions for boys under 15, 13 and 11.

BETTY NEWBY
L. 10-11-1964

Berry, a sophomore at Bucks County Community College, co-captained her field-hockey team to a second consecutive National Junior College title and was MVP in the regional tournament. She has scored 51 goals in her two seasons.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

VOLCANIC ISSUE

Sir:

Wow! I'm going to Maui (Tank Heaven for Not So Little Girls, Jan. 24)

JEFF HADDEN
Sparta, N.J.

Sir:

Tank heaven for SI for helping us make it through the long, cold winter

TIM ANDERSON
MARK GECKLE
Bedford, N.J.

Sir:

Kindly extend my subscription through the year 2000. I needed that

CHUCK GERARDE
Littleton, Colo.

Sir:

Tanks, shanks. We want bikinis!

ANDY J. KULES
Woodbridge, Va.

Sir:

Your Maui cover girl sure is zowie, but what place do she and her cohorts have in a sports magazine? She surely wasn't put there because of her extraordinary swimming ability. Pictures of this type detract greatly from the quality of SI

ANTHONY PROCOPIO
University Park, Pa.

Sir:

The suits worn by the girls on the last two pages of your pictorial display do not look as if they are worthy to be worn in any aquatic event or for the simple pleasures of fun in the sun. SI should not be a forum for suggestive advertising.

AL VERTINO
Herndon, Va.

Sir:

It was just one more example of the exploitation of women to profit yourselves.

JANET SALERA
Ottawa, Ill.

Sir:

Please put me on record as one chick who looks forward to your swimsuit issue. The suits are the best yet.

LINDA KING
Holland, Mich.

Sir:

Your Jan. 24 issue came as a tremendous shock. When I bought my son Mike a birthday subscription, I had no asking that your magazine should be kept in a brown paper bag, so be unseen by innocent eyes. If you really think these photographs represent a sport, you are in the wrong business.

MRS. R. A. SULLIVAN
Providence, R.I.

Sir:

I thought the girls were great, but if we want to see that sort of thing we can get it in other magazines. Give us sports

JACK TURNER
Reston, Va.

Sir:

Your splendid midwinter swimwear article gives us readers a tremendous respite from the bitter cold and sloppy snow. As for your models, well, they could tastefully decorate any sport. So please disregard the outcries of wounded purists and other special-interest groups and keep on splashing every January.

DICK WEBSTER
Russellville, Ariz.

Sir:

Cancel my subscription at once. Imagine, only one picture of Cheryl Tieps.

RICHARD FONG
Oakland, Calif.

Sir:

Giving Cheryl Tieps such a small part in the article is like benching Henry Aaron after his 713th home run. Cheryl has been the perennial superstar of the bathing suit issue and we would like to see her back in the starting lineup. This is not intended to take away from the other girls' beauty, but in the future we would like to see more of Cheryl.

BON STENGEL
MARK SIMONSON
Rock Island, Ill.

• For more Cheryl, see below.—ED



DEFORD'S IMPRESSIONS

Sir:

Frank Deford lost a long-time fan with his article on Hawaii (Three Little Syllables, Jan. 24). If he and other tourists haven't the initiative to escape the lockstep of guided tours, they deserve all the rubber roast pork and "tedious historical hula shows" they get. There are some 850,000 permanent residents of this "theme park," most with little or no connection with tourism. I lived there for five years, and I would gladly live there again. As for the famous promontory that "looms over Honolulu," perhaps Deford would be able to remember the name Diamond Head if he would just stop calling it Sugarloaf.

DONNA L. NELSON
Knoxville, Tenn.

Sir:

The article on Hawaii is narrow-sighted. Frank Deford's first impression led him straight to Waikiki and off the right track immediately. If he intended to write an article on the disillusionment of tourism, Waikiki was a good example. But I lived in Hawaii the past four years, and within the first week a very distinct line had been drawn between the personalities of Waikiki (Alohaland) and of The Islands. Anybody who has spent any time away from the tourist routes could tell Deford that. He missed the whole point behind Hawaii's uniqueness. For paradise to survive it had to conform to the reality of tourism and being part of the U.S. and lose a few small treasures in order to save many more beautiful ones.

EVERETTE PEACOCK
Winston-Salem, N.C.

Sir:

While stumbling about "tourist" Hawaii, Frank Deford has displayed astounding superficiality and cultural arrogance. Had he ventured under a few of those "corrugated tin roofs," he would have found not Caribbean poverty but Americans with a uniquely rich life-style and multi-faceted culture. Deford's puny attempt at the tongue-in-cheek only achieved a foot in the mouth. We trust that you will exercise better editorial judgment in the future.

PAUL and MYRNA MUTO
Mercer Island, Wash.

Sir:

The next time you send Frank Deford to Hawaii, make sure that he leaves his white shoes and Big Mac coupons at home. A package deal is no way to see The Islands, even in this "commercial" time.

R. JAMES SCHILLAT
King of Prussia, Pa.

continued

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15TH HOLE *continued*

LEFT IS ALL RIGHT

Sir,

As a left-hander who has become both-handed in order to cope with society's devices, let me offer my praise on Jerry Kirshenbaum's fine article (*On the Other Hand*, Jan. 24). It does justice to us lefties. And, believe me, this is not a left-handed compliment.

HOWARD A. WOLF
Baltimore

Sir,

Left on!

WILLIAM GOUSCH
Rochester, N.Y.

Sir:

My father (H. W. Robertson of Newark, Ohio) was a good left-handed sumpie pitcher in the '20s and '30s. He writes and cuts right-handed. I was a pretty far right-handed high school and college pitcher in the '40s and '50s. I write and eat left-handed. Neither of us has yet been certified as crazy, albeit he thinks I am a little peculiar.

ROBERT L. ROBERTSON
Santa Fe, N. Mex.

Sir,

Being the only lefty in my family, I was overjoyed when I read Jerry Kirshenbaum's article. Imagine my delight in discovering I had something in common with Bruce Jenner, Jimmy Connors and Ken Stabler.

TIMMY SCOTT
Monroe, La.

Sir,

You did not mention one of baseball's greatest left-handed flukes, Jay Johnstone of the Phillies. He has been known to set off firecrackers in the dugout and shine his shoes in the on-deck circle. By the way, he also batted .318 in 1976 and .329 in 1975.

MARTIN COOPER
Narberth, Pa.

ANOTHER VERSE

Sir,

I thoroughly enjoyed J. D. Reed's article on our national anthem (*Gaflantly Screaming*, Jan. 3). However, as one who has often heard Seattle's Bob McGrath sing before athletic events, I feel I should set the record straight. Reed takes McGrath to task for singing the third verse of *The Star-Spangled Banner*, claiming it is poor diplomacy. I agree that the lyrics Reed gives as the third verse are hardly suitable for pregame festivities. The truth is, McGrath does not sing that verse. He sings the one that begins "Oh, thus be it ever, when free men shall stand..." Whether or not McGrath's verse is actually the third is not important. What does matter is that the misunderstanding be rectified.

SKIP KULLE
Seattle

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